JANUARY, 1900

00 FOR A FINAL PARAGRAPH

SEE THE PUZZLE STORY— "THE TWENTY-SEVENTH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET"

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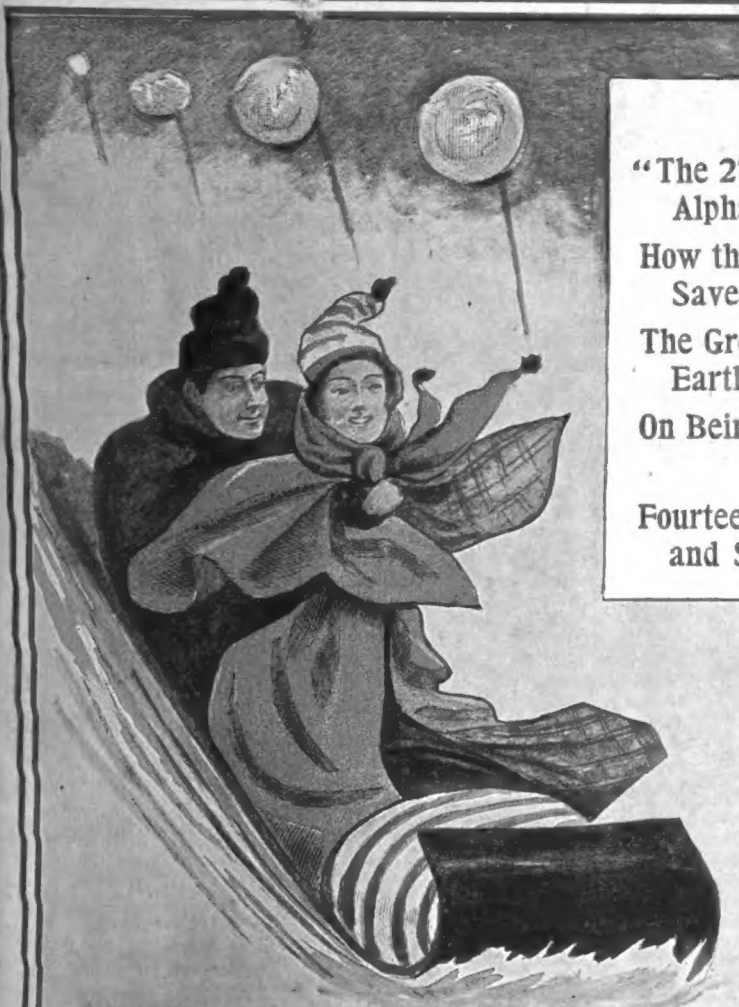
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE



CONTAINS

"The 27th Letter of the Alphabet"

How the Northwest was Saved in '64

The Greatest Bridge on Earth

On Being Engaged

AND

Fourteen Other Articles and Stories

THE NORTH AMERICAN CO., 74 East Ninth Street, New York

Vol. II

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SWEET MAIDENHOOD.

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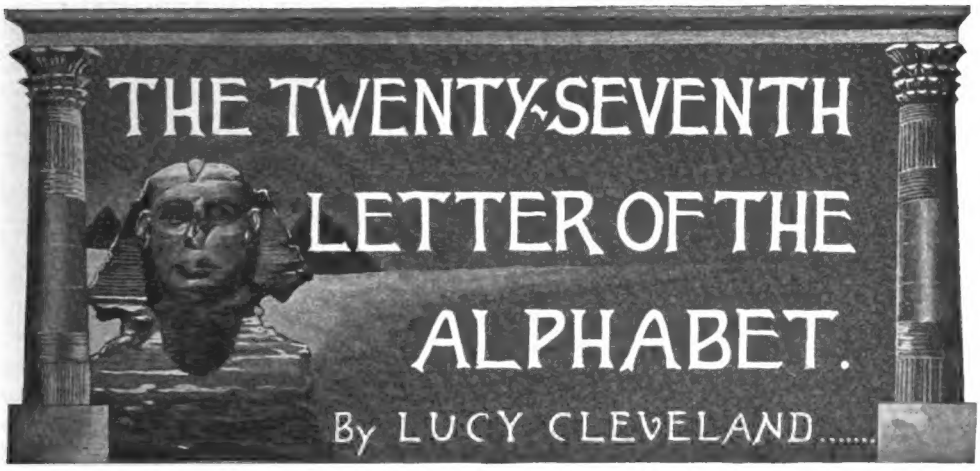

(See editorial offer for clever writers at end of this story.)

"THE Twenty-*Seventh* Letter of the Alphabet! Confound that girl's sweet mouth!"

What was it?

Nicholas Beecham sat plunged in thought, and the red dusk began to burn across the little garden of Bloemfontein.

The sun's last glint aureoled, with capricious caress, a queenly rose that moved on its pomp of stem and seemed to be keeping time to some throb of an invisible band-playing. The gurgle of the stream, as it bubbled its bright way across the lawn, seemed just about to whisper something to the tormented brain of the English war-correspondent, as he sat and chewed the stem of his yet unlighted pipe, and held up in his fist his good pencil—that lightning-conductor of the literary artist that draws down the imperial flash from the imperial solitude of the gods.

But Beecham laughed a sardonic laugh at gods so dumb and dark up there who wouldn't vouchsafe a Greek *iota* of help to find the Twenty-*Seventh* Letter of the English Alphabet. His laugh jangled across the garden, and destroyed the silver symphony of the brook.

"No living pencil of mortal, or of immortal for that matter, has ever written the Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet," groaned poor Beecham, shaking now his fist. "But I'll get it if I die for it!" And the Apple of Discord was thrown, as it always is, by a girl—by a girl. Come to think of it, there's just one letter that differentiates *eris* and *eros:* discord and desire.

The war-correspondent cursed that Eve, and cursed this eve, and threw across the golden garden of Bloemfontein a word emphatic; usually represented in type by an initial and a dash.

The trouble about it had begun in the dining-room of the old Orange Free State Hotel in Bloemfontein, improvised, for the nonce, into a ball-room for a dance given by Britain's Premier of Her great South African Empire, who was tarrying for a week in the antique Boer-land, to a charming American girl travelling with her father through South Africa in search of that father's health. Through the movement and the music within the warm South African night, as the little American beauty, rose-flushed and piquant, circled on her partner's arm, she had tossed back—capricious little fool—an answer to the earnest words that shook in a famous war-correspondent's throat, as she strove to evade with eye and tone the voice and eyes that were telling her all that there is in life. Famous little fool! She had answered, her voice shaking against that great, sweet flutter of a man's great soul: "You must not talk to me that way—now. You must find out the

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Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet!"

It was just that capriciousness of hers—tossing, varying, enchaining as her tossing brown hair, and as impudent as that intoxicating cup of a dimple in her chin—that made her so alluring and so witching.

She was of a type rare in grim South Africa, and had become as famous and desirable to South African bachelorhood as the Porter Rhodes diamond. Beecham had been told of her upon the eve of Omdurman, when two men wiped their swords and filled, leisurely, their English pipes as they sat on the smoking red rim of the ghastliest day in modern history. And now the famous war-correspondent had met her; and the famous war-correspondent had got fettered. Bah!

That capricious girl! Odd, piquant, but she had made men forget the diamond-burnings up there in Kimberley as they looked into her eyes. And she had made grave statesmen feel that the mind of wealth was more than the mine of wealth. She had laced the hearts of old English generals to her own by a golden cord from their own decorated shoulders. And as for poor war-correspondents? Confound it! she had carried the war right into their own country, and the campaign had begun and champagne didn't drown it out, and there was nothing to do but to fight it out: First problem: or, or—yield! Second problem.

Thereupon a man's heart leaped, and a man's head went round as he thought of that sweet, intoxicating second problem.

Yield? How rhythmically that queenly girl had moved in the dance last night, her face the soul of the waltz. Beecham began to hum a song, "The Soul of the Waltz," that the Colonel of the —— Lancers gave, with a thunder last night, and the *verve* and rattle of the sword-shaking applause all down the line from all the chaps of Her Majesty's "Own," the very swords that had come out from the death-grip in Boer valleys, and had caught the first sunlight of God's morning as Britain marched into Pretoria. The war-correspondent whistled the refrain:

I dream of the rhythm of which the rose hears,
And unfoldeth, a mist of glowing and tears,
Its soul on this throb of an Eden air nears,
When I am waltzing with Her.

Just two in this world who are moving as One,
The rose on her breast breathes a hope just begun,
Of door-ways of Dreamland, whose keys I have won!
When I am waltzing with Her.

I taste of a beaker that brims with an Eden,
Out-flashing the star-whirl, the Champagne of Heaven,
And melodist, Thou, of Love, voice of this even,
When I am waltzing with Her.

"Bah!" the word went ricochetting around the garden. Nicholas Beecham ran his pencil right through two rose-leaves, and again anathematized the English Alphabet of Twenty-Six letters. What under heaven, earth, and sea was the Twenty-Seventh Letter of his mother-tongue? Beecham paced up and down the garden. But he would find that Twenty-Seventh Letter before the soft dusk of the African night closed in. And he would kneel at those little feet of the queen, which were like shod sunshine. And he would, thus, outpace all the men who had crowded around her from India to Bloemfontein. And he would take those shapely baby-hands of hers——

Beecham laughed again sardonically as he recalled a Cornish proverb: "*What is possible may be done. What is impossible must be done.*"

"Hang this Bloemfontein business! Whatever brought me here?" His reverie was startled by a voice across the garden.

"Hard luck, old man. 'Eve' and her sire leave for the Cape at 6:30. It's 6 o'clock now. And here's a dispatch for you from England."

Colonel Kingsley of the —— Lancers held up a telegram.

Beecham tore it open. It contained orders from London to proceed without delay to Khartoum. The war-correspondent wheeled round on his heel.

"I shall step over to the station and wish them good-bye," he said in a constrained voice. "What in thunder delayed this telegram?"

Colonel Kingsley did not answer. He

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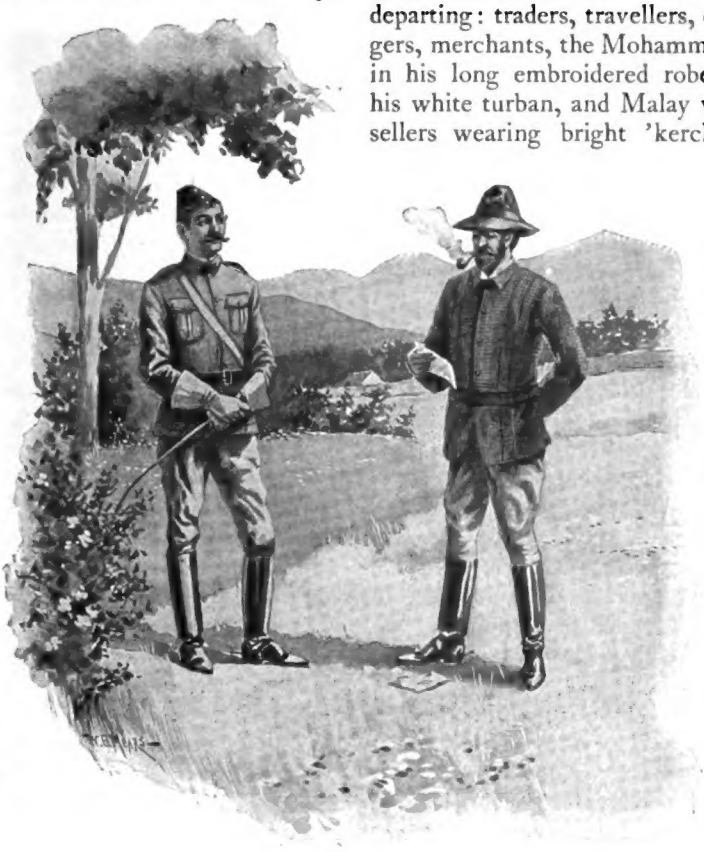
said quietly, but stripping the heads of the jessamine bush with his riding-whip:

"Don't you know, old man, I heard Lady Eve's words last night as you both whirled by me." Kingsley twirled his mustache and laughed. "I am going to work at it, too. Are you going to get it? By Jove, it's worse than the mumps to be in love!"

"Stop your chaffing, Kingsley."

"What's the row? I vow you've found the whole Criss cross Row. Wasn't that what our ancestors called the Alphabet? But I am going to work at it, too, in hopes of winning the most capricious little beauty since the days of the Thousand and One Nights. Bosh! Beecham, there's no such thing as the Twenty-Seventh Letter. But the girl is a queen. Don't you make a mistake about that. I could have smashed you last night. You got all her waltzes. Only the two-steps were left for me and Her Majesty's "Own."

"She wouldn't have said it if there wasn't!" growled the war-correspondent by way of answer, recalling a sudden light in two pansy-brown eyes, as his gaze upon her face lifted the girl's eyes to his in the waltz that he himself had arranged from De Koven's "Ask What Thou Wilt" in an idle hour. "That girl could learn to love me," he said beneath his breath. "Well," he added, nonchalantly, to the English colonel, "we'll swing over to the station, Kingsley, and bid them good-bye. I can't pack my traps till late to-night."



"IT'S WORSE THAN THE MUMPS TO BE IN LOVE!"

The little station was swarming with the departing: traders, travellers, diamond-diggers, merchants, the Mohammedan grandee in his long embroidered robe of silk and his white turban, and Malay women fruit-sellers wearing bright 'kerchiefs around their necks and clanking silver bracelets around their ankles. Among the rabble, Beecham, far-sighted as a lynx, quickly singled out a face moving towards the railway carriages.

The war correspondent's face became suddenly very pale.

A queenly girl was helping the invalid father into the carriage. And the train was obviously on the point of starting.

Beecham ran. One good leap, and he had cleared the crowd, and he was alongside of the train, and he was up to the carriage windows—and now he could see a face—were those pansy-brown eyes misty with tears? The train started.

Gods! how sweet she looked in the little brown sailor hat with its knotted Roman band of bright ribbon. It was all one blurring, burning vision—and blurring now still more rapidly——

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"Good-bye, Miss Eve! What is your destination?" Beecham lifted his hat as to the queen of the world—the queen with her crown of curls. Did that girl's voice tremble?

"Cape Town. Write me there;—find out the Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet! If you do, I will——"

The shriek of the engine's whistle drowned her word. And the train sped into obliteration.

"Woman is a divine torment," said the voice of the English colonel, who had joined the war-correspondent, "and man is a diviner——"

"Not of the Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet," sneered Beecham, feigning a nonchalant yawn.

"No one will ever get that, boy. That's all over. Cart your career and its fascinations now to Khartoum." The colonel laughed and began to whistle a barbaric rhythm learned in Zululand. "I fancy that that little American girl regrets now her capriciousness and her joke. By Juno, she had an imperial head, though. I never saw such a set of a throat on woman's shoulders. What did she mean about that Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet?" went on the colonel, more slowly. "I wonder if we will ever come across their track again? Doubtful."

"*Doubtful.*" The word went like the throb of machinery all down the two hours as Nicholas packed up his traps for the midnight train northwards. Mingled with the "*doubtful*" were those interrupted words that a shaking little voice sent out:

"Find out the Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet! If you do, I'll——"

And the railroad shriek had drowned it all! This is civilization.

"Engine whistles were invented for the devil to play with," muttered the war-correspondent, at war with himself and at war with woman, and at war with "Cape Smoke," * and at war with the last bottle of champagne that he and the colonel broke on the frail edge of the last half hour before the midnight train. For the sun of Bloemfontein had set, and Beecham didn't care if England's never did, as the midnight train moved out of old Orange Free State's capital, and Beecham didn't care that this was only the second train that had gone over the triumphant road that now knit Khartoum to the Cape of Good Hope, and Beecham didn't care that a magnate had given permission to the famous war-correspondent to dictate from Cairo the first electric message to throb over the imperial poles from the palace of the Khedive to the Indian Ocean. For a greater electricity tingled in the midnight and tormented its calm. The words that had rested upon a girl's lips, so near his own, one night:

"Find out the Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet!"

Beecham scarcely heard the words at his elbow:

"Cæsar's ghost, but you're in luck, old boy," said the Colonel of the —— Lancers, as he wrung the war-correspondent's hand in no perfunctory farewell. "To dictate the first message to span Africa makes you a history-maker. By Juno, you'll make the electric spark speak all around the world. Your message will be immortal! What is it to be?"

"It won't be at all, I fear," said Beecham, gloomily. "I'll be disgraced, if I don't do it grandly. I cannot think," he said very slowly, "what to dictate."

"It's because you're absorbed in something else. Let that Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet go to thunder."

"What do you mean?" The war-correspondent flamed into a heroic lie. "I was thinking of the privilege given me to send the first message from Cairo to the Cape."

"That Twenty-Seventh Letter of the Alphabet is tormenting you yet," laughed the colonel. "God bless you, old boy! We'll never come across them again——"

Again——

The word went with an echo down the whistling shriek of the locomotive as it went out of the old Orange Free State, and Beecham felt that he had bidden farewell to the oranges, roses, lemons of existence.

* * * * *

* Brandy.

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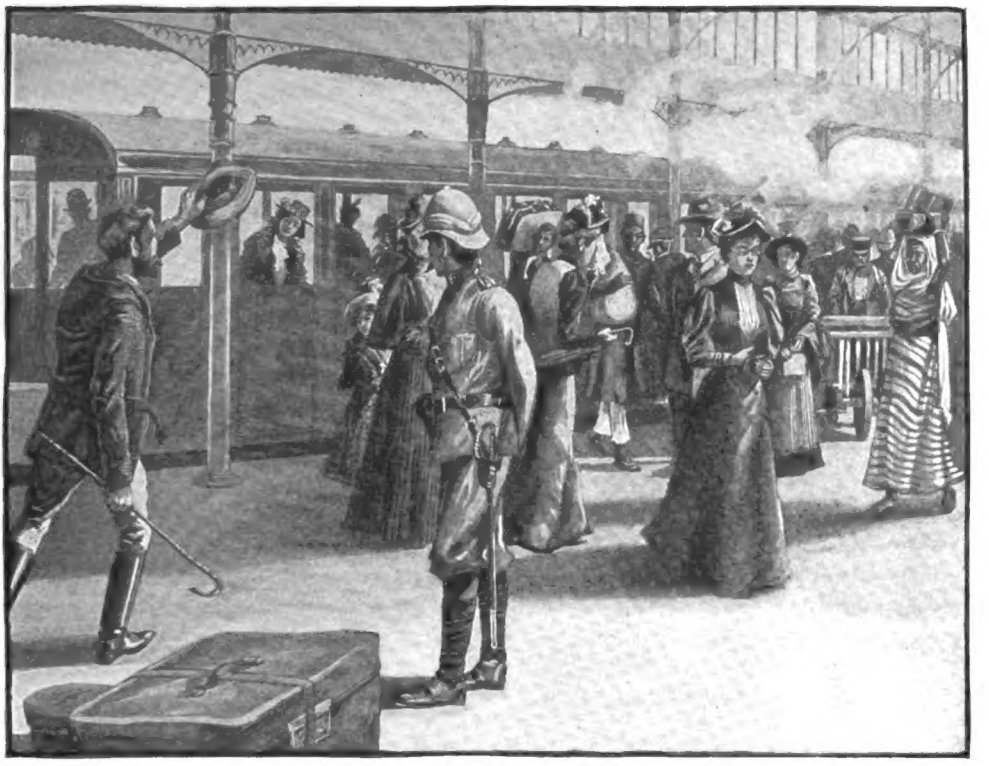

THE STATION WAS SWARMING WITH THE DEPARTING.

"Gods!"

Beecham was standing on the edge of the Victoria N'yanza Lake, that inland equatorial sea of Africa where the Nile is born. The train north to Khartoum would not leave for an hour yet. The war-correspondent had wandered down again to the awful edge of the cradle of Egypt's mysterious river, and now stood listening in the solemn starlight to the dread plash and murmur and mingling of the waves, and watched the divine amalgam of the reflected constellations upon the bosom of Africa's great queen.

Already, the warm air was laden with the burden of divinest Egypt's eve; already, Isis-lands swung their dim, inebriating incense; already, roses gave their life into the kindred sunset; already, the lotus was moving on moon-dawn. And ready, all ready to Beecham's too-ready and regretful memory, came the breath of a night blowing across pomegranate blossoms—the lips of a girl; and the stars, the warm, large planet-burning, caught up the very soul of the man to the eyes of a queenly girl as he had held her, once only, in the social waltz-whirl, against his soul.

"Great Isis!"

The war-correspondent paced up and down beside the immemorial murmur of the lake.

"But let it go, let it go," he said, aloud, grinding his heel into the earth, and biting his lip, "I must think solely now of my message from Cairo to the Cape. I'm lost, I'm lost if I can't dictate it grandly. I must give something worthy the occasion. I must give all Englishmen something to think of and remember. Something terse, sweet, powerful. Being a newspaper man, I am expected to make immortal phrases to order!" He laughed, shortly.

"Well named, Victoria N'yanza," said Beecham, seating himself again at the lake-side, and watching the gracious movements in the night of this Empress of waters.

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"I must give to Englishmen something worthy of them," he repeated, very slowly. "What? what?" The war-correspondent waited a moment, and took out his watch. "I cannot think what it shall be. I'm lost if I can't get it. But my train goes at——"

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and lifted his hat as to an unseen Presence. His strong, square jaw trembled. He held up his right hand as if a full beaker of the Wine that shakes the world were in it. He listened a moment in the tense and eager stillness, and then Nicholas Beecham cried out in a voice that startled into echoes across the scrolls of golden starlight on the lake's lit length, as he held up still higher an unseen glass to an unseen Presence:

"THE QUEEN! GOD BLESS HER!"

The dear old words shook the immemorial silences of Africa, and peopled with imperial echo the solitudes of St. George's Cross.

"My message!"

And then, the blood rushed to the war-correspondent's very temples. And then, his face became very pale. For, in that moment of exaltation, there came instant, sweeping, overwhelming *comprehension!* "Of course," he exclaimed, and then, with fervor, "What a fool I am not to have known at once!" And with lightning stroke, but with a pencil that slipped and shivered in his fingers, standing under the star-gaze by those mysterious waters, he wrote down:

The Twenty-*Seventh* Letter of the Alphabet.

* * * * *

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH

The Editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will pay at the rate of One Dollar a word (or more, as detailed below) for such a final paragraph to the above story, not exceeding 100 words, as shall, in his judgment, best complete the story and solve the problem presented therein. In determining the relative merit of paragraphs submitted, the preference will be given to that having the fewest words, and in order that this may not diminish the reward to the winner, payment will be made at the rate of

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By Ellen Ada Smith.

What was it they had quarrelled about? Heaven knows!

They hardly knew themselves, and for any outsider to propound a theory on the sore subject would have been to meddle with things beyond him. Jealousy was at the bottom of it, and as of the two the lady felt more injured she was probably the most in fault.

It was quite a year after their broken engagement that they met at a friend's country house. They encountered each other unexpectedly on the stairs, and for a moment were as truthfully embarrassed as a schoolboy and a bread-and-butter miss, at the most blushing age, could have been. Then conventionality rushed to their aid, and made them fulsomely talkative.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Herrick. I did not think of meeting you here."

"I daresay not. It is only a short visit. I leave to-morrow." It had taken her two seconds to make this resolution. He looked politely sceptical.

"But some lady friend of our hostess was coming to-day, to stay a week or ten days. Are you that friend? I heard no name mentioned."

"It is most kind of her, but I have many engagements just now."

"I would not hurry away if I were you. The country is pleasant, and will be until the weather breaks."

He spoke as unemotionally as though she were some great-aunt of the family he was staying with, who had come there for her rheumatism. Yet in reality he was thinking how sweetly pretty her hair was under the lamplight, and what on earth possessed her to have that sweet odor of violets about her which reminded him of —dash it all, what a disappointing world it was!

"How are you getting on with your book?" she asked, anxious to change the subject to one in which she might score a little more. "I mean your last book."

"Abominably. That is the mildest word I can think of. How about yours? The first one, I mean."

"The first and last I'm thinking. May I use your word, although it is a little mild?"

"Ah, well, it is only a pastime for the fortunate Miss Herrick. She can easily do without that little amusement."

Ida Herrick was justly indignant at this sordid view. "But I tried to put my whole heart into it," she cried.

"That is a great waste," he answered slowly; "at least it would be with some people. As a rule the thing you feel least is usually the best written. Try without any heart at all."

This was really the rudest of speeches, and he was searching himself for an apology, but she gave him no time.

"The truest novel has yet to be writ-

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ten. But it takes two to do it, a man and woman."

"Surely that is nothing new, nor are the books better nor worse than the majority."

"I doubt if it has been done the way I mean. In this book the man should draw the female characters, and the woman the men's."

"But I thought——"

"That is a mistake. If I wanted the true judging of a man, I would ask a woman, and *vice versâ*. You see, there is instinct in both cases."

"Then all I can say is, that instinct makes an aw——"

He spoke so emphatically that she stopped him.

"You need not be afraid, Miss Herrick; a man can be most solemnly convincing without bad language."

She laughed a little, but hardly with amusement, and tried to think of something to say. He suddenly assumed a brisk and businesslike air.

"Suppose we test this theory of yours the next wet day that ever is. We both know something of the craft, and Mrs. More will give us up the library for a whole quiet morning."

She saw difficulties and hesitated, but quite forgot her intention of leaving next day. He saw the hesitancy, and struck it into determination with an artfully planted gibe.

"Of course if it's merely an idle opinion with nothing to back it."

"It is a fixed conviction," she answered, "and I am willing to test it——"

FOR A MOMENT THEY WERE AS EMBARRASSED AS A SCHOOLBOY AND A BREAD-AND-BUTTER MISS.

"Very well, then, the first wet day. Of course the story must be a short one; we could not keep the peace through more than one chapter, could we?"

"Surely we are not so childish as to quarrel over a matter of business; the idea is too absurd."

This loftiness set him down, as it was meant to do, and that evening their civility to each other had great distance in it. On seeing this, Mrs. More, who had pretended a total forgetfulness of their broken engagement, became very hopeful. Her awe and admiration, too, at their professional industry, on the first wet morning, were excellently expressed, and the library was placed entirely at the service of genius.

"On condition that you read us the joint production after dinner, Mr. Hurst," she demanded quite gushingly. "Think how it will reconcile us to the atrocious wet day."

Mr. Hurst glanced at Ida for permission.

"The very thing. We shall want an impartial judge."

"There can be no objection to that," she answered with serene indifference that barely covered a great many objections, "unless, of course, it is very bad indeed."

"Oh, it won't be that, Mrs. More," said Hurst reassuringly. "The moral tone will be everything that you can desire."

And then they saw that the demure little serge gown, with its white collar and cuffs, was the disguise of a small fury, contemptuously calm as she tried to be.

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"Of course, as a matter of business," began Hurst warningly; but Mrs. More had already left them, so, while Ida placed herself at an extreme window, he sat down at the writing-table, and produced, besides foolscap, a quill pen more than half a yard long, so that the feather waved over his shoulder as he wrote. She took a dislike to it on the spot.

"What an unpleasant-looking pen! It's a caricature."

"Think so? It was a present to me, so I laid it by for a great occasion. Shall we begin? I'll undertake writing, spelling, and the girl, if you will concentrate your energies on the man."

The general outline of the plot was quickly arranged between them, but details were more trying.

"I may as well tell you frankly," said Hurst, "that, unless your man is very nice, I shall not allow my girl to have anything to say to him. I must insist on his being a gentleman."

Once again the disguised fury peeped out of her eyes.

"As though I could possibly draw a cad!"

"That shows poverty of ideas. You ought to be able to draw one. I shall think nothing of your literary ability if you cannot evolve such a simple thing as that."

She felt she had to assert herself.

"I want the first speech, please."

But his pen was already squeaking busily over the paper.

"Sorry! the lady insists on the first word and the last. I am fast losing control of her tongue! Now, what are you going to say?"

"How can I possibly tell, unless I know what you have written?"

He felt her indignation just.

"It will take a little time, but I will read it out."

He did so at some length. She listened with apparently no interest whatever.

"And is that your idea of a pretty girl?" she said contemptuously, just to punish him, for his heroine being fair-haired and blue-eyed.

"It is," he answered stoutly, "and I know far better what a pretty girl is like than you do. There is instinct, you see."

In some haste she began to dictate, and the quill pen to hurry after as quickly as it could.

"And is that your idea of a pretty man? Need he be quite so ugly?"

"Good looks are of no importance in a man. Please go on. I lose the thread if you are so slow."

The collaborator bowed his good-looking head meekly, and scratched resignedly on.

"Excuse me. I'll write it, of course, but he wouldn't say that if he was really a man."

"But he is a man, and he does say it."

"He may be from your point of view; from mine he's an ass!"

"Oh!" she cried, "you are more correct than I thought. We shall never last through a chapter. What is wrong now?"

"Why, he would never talk about giving her up for her happiness. He would stick to her for his own."

"How selfish!"

"Not at all. I suppose he means to work for her, and love her, and take care of her! He will have to promise all that before he wins this girl of mine. She is worth it."

"But I thought," she said, ever so little wistfully, "that we had decided against a happy ending."

"Of course. So we have. I forgot for a moment that we are to be realistic."

There was no humor in his tone then, only bitterness, and the work went on for some time without criticism on either side.

"You can take a breathing space now, while I write the girl's letter."

Nothing loath, she leaned back at ease and watched him. After all, it was pleasant that they two were alone together, even remembering what was past and gone. It seemed absurd that a meaningless flirtation with a wretched little subaltern had actually had power to part them. How nice he looked, how familiar the companionship seemed! But surely he had aged more than one year since their parting. He was even a little gray.

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Looking up suddenly, he caught the softness in her eyes, and his face changed.

"Well," he said gently, "I am waiting."

"But what does the letter say? I must know that first."

"I read every word aloud as I wrote it."

"Then I could not have been listening."

He drew a chair up, surprisingly near his own.

"Come here, and read as I write. It will save me trouble."

She came, and he drew the chair still closer, to make it more convenient for them both. Then he began carefully punctuating as she glanced over the page. He had not made more than two fat full-stops and a semicolon before she seized the pen by its feather top, and sent the nib wildly gyrating over his neat MS.

"WHAT AN UNPLEASANT-LOOKING PEN!" SHE SAID. "IT'S A CARICATURE."

"What induced you to do that? I shall have to write the page again." But he spoke without vexation and with the ghost of a smile.

"Indeed, you will not. It is monstrous!"

"Is the style so faulty? I thought it rather good."

"I know nothing about the style. It is the matter I so strongly object to. Do you think any girl would be so poor-spirited as to write such a letter as yours? Why, for the last half hour I have had almost to keep her at arm's length to prevent her making a fool of herself."

Her sparkling indignation was intensely real, and she held firmly to the feather pen, that it might not be constrained into assisting at more libellous matter. Yet he had the audacity to still smile.

"That is your mistake again. You may have kept her at arm's length, but the man, the real man, would have done just the opposite. Take my word for it. You see, she is my heroine, and I am very fond of her, but, having acted unwisely, she ought not to be too proud to say so."

She turned a little pale then, and in her turn began carefully punctuating.

"But even if she did, the man might not——"

"Oh, yes, he would; you admit he is a gentleman?"

She glanced up. He, too, was pale and grave, and in his kind eyes she saw intense anxiety. Then the feather pen did things so wild that he took it from her.

"Surely you can trust him when he is so entirely in your hands to do what you like with?"

Her next speech was entirely irrelevant to anything in the story.

"It was so ridiculous of you to imagine that under any circumstances I could possibly care for that conceited little monkey! Where *is* my handkerchief?"

In her haste she could not find it; but there are other methods.

Perhaps he employed these. At any rate they were very happy.

"So at last the long year comes to an end—the very dreariest I ever lived through."

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"It has been dreadful," she admitted. "I only wonder—but what are you doing?"

For he was making dozens of crosses.

"Only finishing the story."

"How absurd! and Mrs. More is to see it."

"They are absurd—on paper. No satisfaction in them. But shall we just glance through our effort to see if it is fit for publication?"

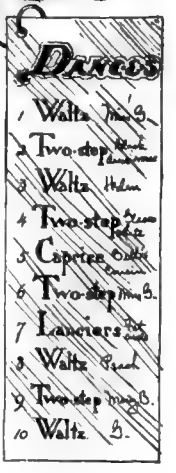
They did so, on the best of terms.

"Well, is it?"

He shook his head.

"In one sense, yes; in another, no. My darling, it is the very worst story that ever was written. There is nothing right about it except the ending."

An Episode.



A LITTLE, creamy-tinted sheet;
I scan with eager gaze each line
Until, at last, my glad eyes meet
The word that tells me she is mine!

I seek her side with ardent speed;
My murmured question—can you guess?
Ah, well!—Of diagrams what need?
Enough that her reply is, "Yes!"

One silent instant thus we stand,
And then (such favor who'd decline?)
I gently take her yielded hand;
How soft and warm it lies in mine!

And now—was mortal e'er so bold?
(But 'tis the Brave the Fair who wins)—
About her form my arm I fold;
And then?—why, then our waltz begins!

C. F. LESTER.

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A Singing School for Canaries

By Margaret Collinson.

The nightingale is the *prima donna*, the acknowledged Patti, of birdland; but, being both eccentric and wilful, she loves her freedom even better than the applause of the multitude. If this were otherwise, if the nightingale resigned herself to captivity, it is to be feared that the popular favorite—I mean, of course, the canary—would have, with the best grace, to take a back seat, despite her elegance and fine feathers, intelligence and industry. For there is not the slightest doubt about it—she is merely talented, and the nightingale has genius. But it is wonderful what intelligence and industry will do, and these, as I have said, are qualities peculiar to the canary. Like the untutored but gifted aspirant to operatic honors, all a canary needs is a clever and experienced singing master, careful treatment, and peculiar diet, to mould her somewhat thin and overshrill tones into the rich and variously modulated song which is a delight to thousands.

There are many singing schools for canaries, and about the most remarkable is that of a certain Herr Adolf Wolfschlag. Herr Wolfschlag, described as a funny little German, whose voice, from living so long among his birds, sounds like the trill of a canary, is a native of the Hartz Mountains—a district where the culture of canaries has become almost an industry. His method of teaching the birds is decidedly original. It is done by means of a peculiar music machine, his own special invention. This extraordinary apparatus is worked by water and air force. It is cylindrical in shape, and comprises an air tank. The pressure of the water forces the air through a number of variously sized pipes which are contained within the cylinder, and in this way a soft and peculiarly sweet chorus of sounds is produced, resembling the ideal trills of a trained canary. It has nine variations, just as the canary has nine different tones, and it is always possible to vary to any extent the pressure of the water in order to modulate the sounds. This machine Herr Wolfschlag keeps in a large, old-fashioned kitchen, and directly in front of it, and on the opposite wall, hangs a large number of cages containing the little, yellow-feathered pupils.

Above this singing academy is the preparatory school—a school which has about two hundred students, whose "years" are as yet too tender for the serious study and strenuous practice of the academy proper. Their captivity is made as homelike and comfortable as possible; and, when breeding time comes round, a number of nests made of plaster of paris and wire are placed in the cages, and a quantity of sea-grass scattered about. This the birds soon discover, and turn to good account by building soft and cosy nests in the plaster of paris moulds. "While they are breeding," says Herr Wolfschlag, "we place them in separate rooms, and keep them in

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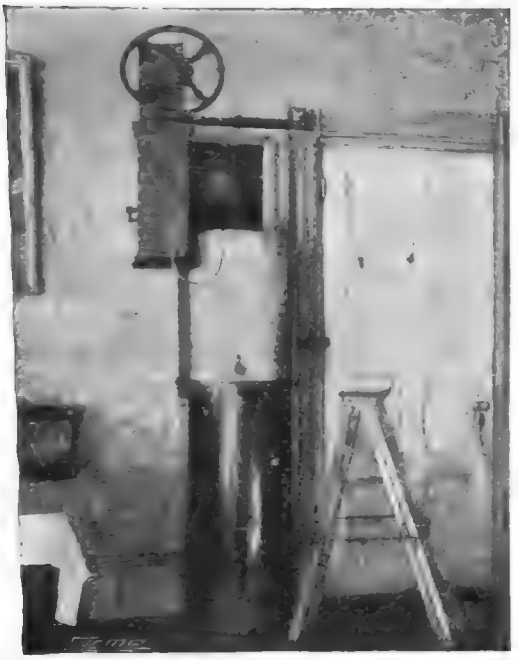
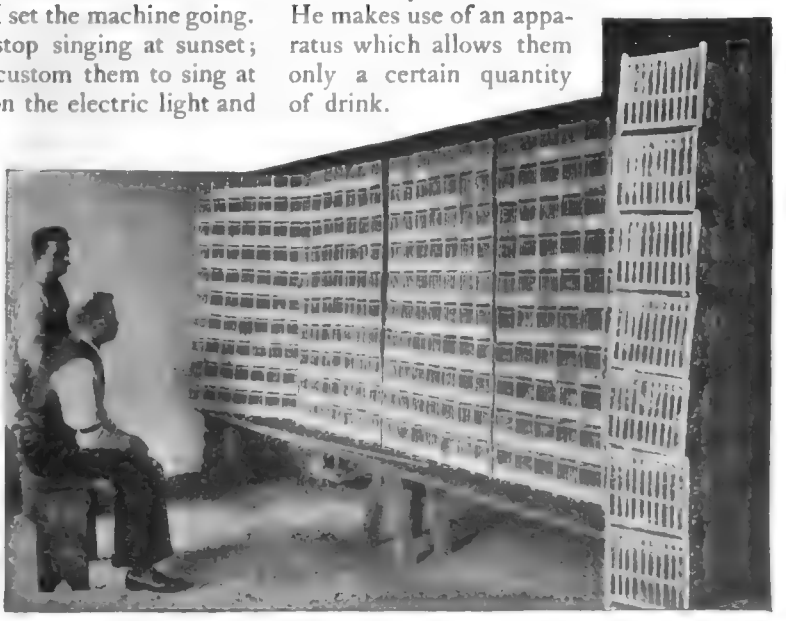


THE APPARATUS WITH WHICH THE CANARIES ARE TAUGHT TO SING.

the dark and quiet until the ear is perfectly developed. As soon as they are fit to begin lessons they are taken down-stairs, and it is remarkable to hear them tune their voices the moment I set the machine going. Canaries naturally stop singing at sunset; and, in order to accustom them to sing at any hour, we turn on the electric light and start the machine at midnight. In this way they gradually get used to singing whenever they are required to do so."

Herr Wolfschlag studies each bird from its birth, and knows all about its character, health, and capacities. He is nothing if not original, and has all manner of special formulas for the treatment of the various ailments to which canaries are subject. Draughts, cold, and a too exuberant industry injure their throats and impair their voices; and then the doctor steps in and administers honey and a little fat bacon. Herr Wolfschlag, like other canary experts, is wonderfully skilled in testing a bird's voice—so skilled, indeed, that he can distinguish and judge one bird's notes even when hundreds of others are trilling and warbling around it.

It is imperative that a canary, if it wishes to get on in its profession, should lead a moderate and respectable life. It should be careful to live in a temperature of eighty degrees, and hold its gross appetites strictly in check. We all of us love good fare and our dinner; let us therefore not blame the canary for being partial to canary seed in unlimited quantities. Alas! canary seed induces corpulence, and corpulence ruins the voice; so the poor bird is forced to live on hard-boiled eggs chopped up fine and mixed with hemp. And then—I record it with sorrow—the canary loves its glass, and it is necessary that the bird should drink in moderation. Herr Wolfschlag knows his pupils too well to put temptation in their way and trust them to overcome it. He makes use of an apparatus which allows them only a certain quantity of drink.



AN EXPERT CAN JUDGE ONE BIRD'S NOTE WHEN HUNDREDS OF OTHERS ARE WARBLING AROUND IT.

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A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

By Basil Marnan.

I.

Father Charles Bernard, for the first time in twenty years, had lost the control of his thoughts. His self-possession, like a water-logged derelict, lay helpless on the tumult of strange seas of emotion. From his birth till the age of forty he had evolved equably along the lines of the grooves the care of his parents had piously hollowed for him. As a child he had taken a singular pride in the possession of a little bald spot on the top of his head, which his mother fondly told him predestined him to the tonsure. He had grown up to a healthy, amiable acquiescence in the plan of a priestly life, lending himself to the necessary preparation and studies with a calm and unquestioning resolution, which, if it lacked ardent enthusiasm, was happily free from self-consciousness and cant. Through his college and his seminary he passed with distinction.

The fifteen years of his probation being completed, Father Bernard was duly appointed a member of the Society of Jesus, and allocated to one of the missions of the Society then working its way into the social and religious fabric of Mayfair.

Then without warning he had been sent to set in order a mission in the wilds of the African veldt. For six months now he had been moving as one in a dream, seeking the fine and fugitive clue of light whose thread lay tangled and broken in a very chaos of unintelligible emotions. The spiritual recluse and scholar was face to face with the life of the veldt, and knew himself a child. Art in the refinement of its daintiest scholarship blushing at the sight of Nature, naked, distinct, unabashed.

The shock to him had been a strenuous one. The frail scantiness of attire affected by the "intombi," in outraging all his preconceived ideas of decency and protection, yet was to him a daily revelation of the permanence of forces existing and vital underneath the calm oblivion of his consciousness.

He faced the same difficulty when he turned to the language. There was about it a naked directness whose primal inde-

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cency violated every principle of intercourse in which he had lived. It deprived him, so to speak, of his first guard, plunging him headlong into the thick of elemental forces, in himself as in others, of whose impulses and their direction he was ignorant, and before the very existence of which he stood baffled, irresolute, at utter loss.

He was indeed almost rudderless on a wide sea. People whose public conception of purity is the result of their mother's moral fretwork and the long, thin, inquisitive nose of the Press, can have little idea of that order of morality which grows up among the whites of the veldt. It produces two types—the beast who lives the life of a Kaffir and enjoys it, and that clean, strong, vigorous, strenuous race born to dominate and sway nations, of an order like to that the old sages sang, whose men and women knew of but one law of morality, the law of love and love's selection. There is no subtle gradation between the two. The lower class may contain one or two aspiring to higher things, and among the others there may be here and there a strain tending downward. But to Father Bernard the division seemed both distinct and ultimate.

HE STRODE OVER THE BROWN GLAZED VELDT.

Of such higher type was Mona Rundett, and it was her personality which had excited the reverend father to such unusual remoteness from his serenity the afternoon on which this story opens.

Mona's grandfather had been a stud-groom who had emigrated to the Cape, with the proceeds of the pickings he had picked up from his master, some fifty years previously. His son, Mona's father, taking to himself an Irish peasant immigrant to wife, lived prosperously. Mona, with her two brothers, grew up careless of all save vitality and victuals, surrounded by her own little world, and some thirty miles from any neighbor.

At fourteen she was a woman; at eighteen a woman of wide and varied experience, with an eye-knowledge of all that is Kaffir knowledge, and an ear-knowledge intimate with every click in that peculiarly literal and bland language. Of education she had little, save to read and write with woful labor. She was, after her mother's faith, baptized a Catholic, and bred up to that ease in duties and devotions inseparable from a frontier life and "heretical" surroundings. Yet the profound poetry, the secret treasure of the veldt life, had not altogether passed her by.

The Jesuit was a fascination to Mona, and the girl was no less a revelation to the priest. In regard to the Kaffirs, he had arrived at a mental stage of pigeon-holing them as animals with a lamentable lack of adornment, external and internal. European women he regarded to a great extent as waxworks, the mechanism of whose emotions, as far as his own subjectivity

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was concerned, was better left alone ; but Mona in her beauty, in the directness of her nature, in the circumstances of her environment, had come to the father, mentally disturbed as he was at the time, as a surprise.

The June afternoon was hot, but the Jesuit's face seemed cold as marble as he strode over the brown glazed veldt toward the mission house. He was the solitary figure in the landscape. Behind him, Tom Rundett's farm in its clump of wattle, but in front and around nothing save the flat sweep of veldt, sun-burnished to a ruddy gold, clasping on every hand the shimmering sky-line.

He was trying to analyze how the thing had come about.

He remembered how swiftly the consciousness of Mona had come upon him, and his amazement that she was just a peasant. How the blood had tingled in him at the thought, lashing him to a fierce revolt. "A peasant ?—no, a queen of queens !" . So his soul had shouted the lie to his consciousness. Then the deep silence as he realized the meaning of that revolt, and the floodtides of passion had welled slowly and remorselessly over his being, drowning in the delirious swirl of their depths all that custom, vows, and thought had made him, binding all his nature into the great tumult of new-born desire.

And now ! He stopped suddenly and laughed aloud. He, the scholar, the priest, the Jesuit, he infatuated with a peasant girl ! He lashed himself into a sneer over the thought, and walked on rapidly with long, uneven strides. The idea was so outrageous. Again and again he told himself that the environment, the mere fact of her being in Africa instead of in England, could not make any availing difference. In blood, bone, and breed she was, and ever must be, a peasant. But in thought ? in type ? in soul ? The whisper was persistent, the query incessant. He jeered at it, calling it a mere accident of a phase, of a passing cycle of moods which wifehood would inevitably blot out, a week of wedlock for ever destroy.

The longer he thought of it the more furious he became with himself, hiding beneath the heat of his pride the true perspective of his passion. Finally he wrote it off, so to speak, as a mere momentary lapse into original sin, fostered by carelessness and the exigencies of an environment which imposed on the eyes a license as unusual as it was unintentional and undesired. In his cell that night thirty long thin scarlet weals that crept round his back and under his left arm and ribs testified to his belief that for such lapses a strenuous mortification of the flesh was an act of prudence.

II.

"But, father, what am I to do ? I can't, I can't marry him—I loathe him."

The speaker was Mona Rundett. Some three months had passed since she last saw Father Bernard, he having purposely set himself to visit the more remote parts of his mission. Meanwhile, misfortune, the almost inevitable Nemesis of a farmer's speculation, had dragged Tom Rundett to the brink of bankruptcy. His only available asset in this emergency was his daughter, and with that spirit common to Kaffirs and the country families of civilization, he looked round for the best market. Ugo Vander Spuz was a half-bred Dutchman and Dane, of brutal life and rich pastures. He had long eyed Mona covetously, and though he rather quibbled at her price, he at last agreed. Mona was sternly bidden to prepare for the bridal festivity. For they sardonically term these affairs festivities even on the veldt.

Little time was left her, and as the day approached she had, as a last resource, betaken herself to the mission house to beseech the intercession of Father Bernard in her behalf. It was with a feeling of sweet and shamefaced exultation she had hugged the thought that he, at any rate, would move heaven and earth to stop such an iniquitous union. To her consternation, however, he proved less even than lukewarm. So now she stood facing him, a great agony of disappointment and de-

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spair in her eyes, feeling dumbly that dead indeed was that day three months ago.

"What am I to do?" she cried again. "I can't marry him. I loathe and detest him."

"Duty, my child, is often hard, but is always God's will," said the priest.

"But I can't swear to love *him*—to *love* him," she wailed. The man paled a little, there was such entreaty in her tone. But the priest in him answered calmly, coldly, "You can give him the love of charity, my child; loving his soul's welfare as deeply as your own. God *demands* no more of any wife—than charity—and subjection."

"Yes, subjection," she repeated with a sob, and stood gazing at him. Suddenly the tears welled in her eyes, and in a very abandonment of bitterness, of passion, and of loss, she flung herself at his feet, clinging to his hand, weeping, fondling it, and murmured through her sobs:

"You know—you *know* that I cannot."

He stood for a moment irresolute, a faint flush rising to his cheeks. Then glancing hastily toward the door, the top half of which was glass, he bent and raised her, a frigid kindness in his touch and tone. For a long time he talked to her, expatiating on the dangers of such conduct—and the scandal. So eloquently did he discourse that at the end of an hour she returned home, hot-eyed, penitent, very miserable, but submissive.

After she had gone the priest went to his own room and walked vaguely up and down, thinking in a disjointed kind of way over what had happened. "It is best so," he said at last—the substance of his thought almost startling him. Then, as he thought suddenly of the man, Ugo Vander Spuz, at heart a beast, in morals a Kaffir, a Boer in callousness, he ground his teeth, and his white long hands clenched spasmodically; and the man fell forward, silent, tense, writhing, at the foot of the iron crucifix that hung on the bare stone wall.

MONA FLUNG HERSELF AT HIS FEET.

III.

Twenty miles away from the mission house at Ibenva was a small Fingo settlement of about forty huts. Two of these, set apart from the rest high up on the black hillside, served for chapel and presbytery to the Jesuit fathers. Hither, some three weeks after the marriage of Mona with Ugo Vander Spuz, came Father Bernard on a visit of inspection.

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Having concluded his evening office, and his meal over, the scent of the wattles drew him outside.

The night was beautifully calm and still, the moon, cold and silvery, sailing high in the mid-heaven.

Suddenly down the wind came the thud of a horse's hoofs, now dying away, now growing more distinct, till the rhythm of the gallop told in ever increasing volume the rapid approach of some visitor. Round the bend of the spur, not sixty yards away, the rider came, nor drew rein till halting at the mission door. Thus Mona came to him as he stood there beneath the yellow bloom of the wattles, running to him with her hands outstretched, her face pallid in the moonlight.

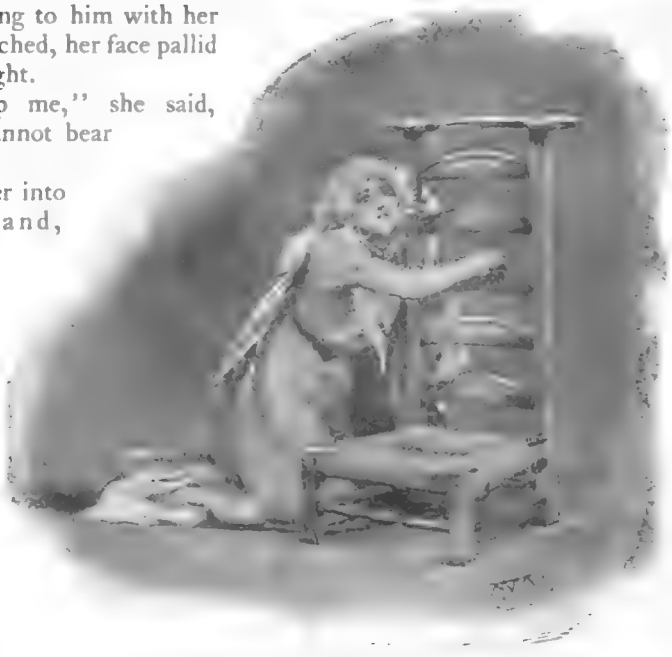
"Oh, help me," she said, simply, "I cannot bear it!"

He drew her into the hut, and, putting a chair for her, stood and gazed at her, his face pale and rigid, his lips stern. In his mind was a great anger against her that she should thus jeopardize her reputation and his own, risking, too, the good name of the Church in the district. But he was schooled to hide his feelings, and his voice, if cold, was even and emotionless as he asked her:

"What is it I can do for you?"

For all answer she fell on her knees on the floor, her arms falling over the priedieu he had lately used, her face wet with tears, and white, turned toward him.

"It is hell," she whispered, "hell to be near him."



FOR ANSWER SHE FELL ON HER KNEES ON THE FLOOR.

His eyes flickered a little, and the voice was not so steady as he asked again:

"What can *I* do?"

"Take me away." She whispered the words, her whole soul in her eyes. Then, rising, she went to him and, clinging to his arm, looked into his face as if the hunger in her would thaw that immobile mask to some expression of emotion. "Take me away," she repeated, her voice low and hoarse, "and hide me. Oh do, oh do! Look," and, tearing open the throat of her dress, she pointed to where finger marks stood out livid and purple-dyed on the blue-veined breast. "Look, that is one of the ways of subjection. Oh! I tell you, it is torture. Oh! don't you understand—*you*, when you know that I love you, God help me! love you with all my life?"

Her arms were round his neck now and she was sobbing on his breast. The face of the priest was white to the lips and quivered queerly as he looked down on the bowed and golden head. He felt a terrible rage consuming him against the man, and for a moment a waft of that old tempestuous passion shook him, stirring the brooding calm of his eyes to sudden fire. Yet, withal, he was strangely conscious that it all seemed to him unreal, standing out like a moon in the sky of his life, wan, pallid, exhausted, illumining the shadow of a dreamland. Yet, too, he was aware that

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it was an intoxicating joy to feel her near him.

"My daughter," he said, quietly, "you know well such a thing is impossible—contrary alike to religion and honor." In spite of himself, he found himself taking refuge behind old axioms. And with a sudden glow of exultation he realized that these same old axioms forged him an armor intact and invulnerable even against these new weapons he had to fight.

He grew stronger, as the girl beneath his quiet, reassuring tones grew calmer. It was some little while before she was able to explain coherently how a sudden terror and loathing of her husband had forced her to fly, giving him with her distressing directness some details of the miseries she suffered. In spite of his control, as he saw the look on the girl's face, he shivered. Again that icy wave of hate welled up in his heart, filling him with a strong dread of himself, hurling him as it did face to face with those master-impulses of animal passion he had deemed lived not in him.

Presently she rose to her feet, and going to the door, turned and held out her hands with a gesture of farewell, surrender, obedience, whose infinite pathos touched him to the quick. He took her hands in his, unable to speak, his eyes telling his pity, betraying, too, more than he knew, something of the passion his pity was fain to hide. She swayed toward him, her eyes half closed, a very hunger of yearning in her face.

"Kiss me," she whispered; "once—forever."

In looking back afterward it seemed to him that a great storm had rung in his ears, filling his eyes, his heart, his will, with the rush and whirl of mighty winds in conflict—a storm from which he woke to find the girl in his arms, her pale face, framed in the golden wealth of her hair, clinging to his; his lips kissing her again and again; then of a sudden a wan stream of light pouring in at the door, and there, silhouetted in the moonlight, the form of Ugo Vander Spuz—huge, menacing, grotesque in its shadowy size.

For a moment the three stood silent, as if graven in marble symbols of their passions, washed with the wan, mocking flood of the moonlight.

Next moment, with an oath, the Dutchman had hurled himself on the priest. In the wan light they swayed and reeled to and fro, fast locked in each other's grasp, and tugging savagely for advantage of grip. Soon beneath the steely arms of the priest the breath of the Dutchman came in great gasps, and on his face the sweat hung thick, making more grim the jealous fury of his eyes. Close-set were the Jesuit's lips, his breath never wavering, his skin white and dry, his eyes keen and gleaming like a ferret's. Slowly yet inevitably he seemed to be bearing the Dutchman down, when suddenly his foot caught in the girl's cloak lying on the floor. He staggered, losing the grip of his lower hand. In an instant the Dutchman had the under-clutch, and straining every muscle, strove to lift his foe and throw him.

But with a swift movement the priest threw forward his forearm, thrusting savagely on the Dutchman's throat. Then slipping his left hand round, the Jesuit gripped in his long sinewy fingers the thumb of his foe's right hand, tearing him from his hold. Like lightning he sprang back, dropping his right hand down to the left till both were tight clenched on Ugo's great wrist, then with a lithe, quick swing to the left he lifted the Dutchman clean over his shoulder, hurling him headlong through the air.

He fell with the nape of his neck against the door, rebounded, falling in between the priest and the woman, and with a spasmodic quiver lay there limp and motionless.

The priest shook himself, ran his handkerchief round his face and the inside of his collar, and smoothed his hair studiously, the while avoiding the eyes of the girl.

She, with horror-stricken gaze, stood looking at the inert body of her husband. His head was rolled round at a horribly queer angle; his mouth and eyes were

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open and distorted, devoid of expression; absolute immobility seemed to brood over his limbs. It was horrible. "Oh, my God," she moaned, "look at him!" The priest bent over the man hastily and lifted his head, looking into the now glazed eyes.

Then he put him back gently, reverently, and rose and faced the woman, a new look in his eyes which would not leave them.

"He is dead," he said simply. "God have mercy on him . . . and . . . us."

Mona sank on the floor, covering her face and sobbing.

"You had better go home," said the priest when a few minutes had silently elapsed. "Between you and me there is forever *that*." He pointed to the dead man. "Go!" he went on to the woman. "I will arrange to have the body sent for. For the honor of the Church I shall say he was thrown from his horse while on his way here for you. See that you keep silence."

Mona crept round the body, fearfully, to the door. Outside the two horses were quietly grazing. She turned to look at the priest, feeling a kind of mute stupor of wonder that she had no kind of emotion toward him at all, save one of relief that he was sending her away. Before she had mounted he had forgotten her, and was kneeling by the side of the dead man, his head buried in his hands, and silvered by the shimmering moonlight, as with a mocking halo.

GOING TO THE DOOR, SHE HELD OUT HER HAND WITH A GESTURE OF FAREWELL.

In a mission house in the lowest quarter of Pittsburg Father Bernard lay dying. For twenty years his name had been growing a household word in the slums of the great towns of the Eastern seaboard. To reclaim the lowest from the power and spell of their passions—such was the self-imposed atonement of Father Bernard. About his bed the priests were saying the last offer for the dying. At its close they understood not why he smiled, nor the light, as of a great darkness lifted, that irradiated his face. So he passed beyond.

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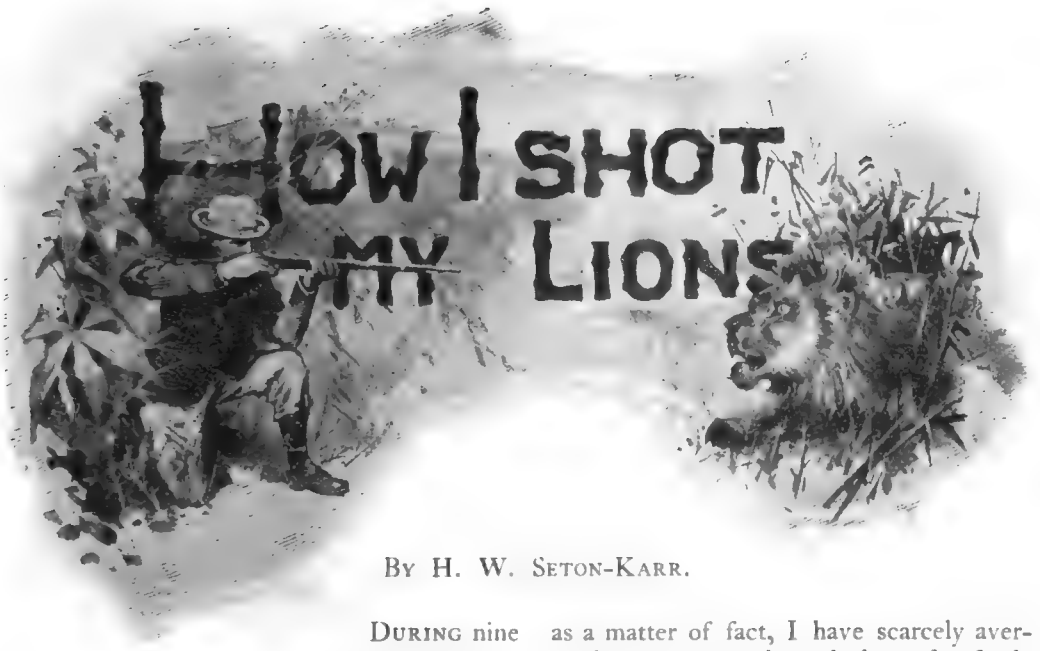

By H. W. Seton-Karr.

During nine expeditions to the interior of Africa, carried out during the last seven years, from the most recent of which I have lately returned, I have always been glad to try conclusions with the king of beasts.

These are stirring times, and people like to hear stirring adventures.

I am glad to think that fact is more interesting than fiction to the majority of readers, because this is going to be a plain tale plainly told without any "de Rougemont" adornments, for I fear I lack the desire and the imagination necessary to deviate one iota from actualities.

There are still plenty of lions in Africa, and, I think, always will be; so that our descendants in future ages, when in want of a little real excitement, will be able to find it in this fiery continent—perhaps taking a trip for the purpose in a flying-machine.

The lion is difficult to see in grass or scrub, because his color adapts itself to the surroundings; he is not actually afraid of man, but seems to dislike his presence and avoids him, unless annoyed, or at night, when he sometimes takes the offensive.

I have been blamed by certain faddists for killing animals during my expeditions; as a matter of fact, I have scarcely averaged two per week, and those for food; and I am unable to see that killing a wild animal during the excitement and perils of the chase is more to be condemned than the killing of domestic ones at home.

The lion in ages past may have served some good purpose in the scheme of creation by keeping down the too great increase of game. But the lion's useful vocation is gone. He simply exists destructively but grandly.

I have seen the wild African lion on twelve occasions only; on eight of these I essayed to kill, and was successful on six, once or twice at the imminent peril of my life.

The first time I came across the fresh pug or track of a lion was near a well called Sattawa. I had a lot of trouble with the natives of my party to persuade them to build me a hiding-place where I could wait in ambush for the lion; but it was all in vain, the animal never came. This made me keener and more determined than ever, and I determined never to stop marching every day toward the far interior until I got definite news of the vicinity of *felis leo*.

The natives of Ogo told me my best chance was to wait about the pasturing grounds of these inland tribes of African

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PREPARING FOR A START.

gypsies. It took me eleven days steady going before I reached the place, but immediately I arrived I received news of lion. Fortune favored me at last, and some timely rain enabled me to fill up my depleted water-barrels. Here I camped and sent word of my arrival to the nomadic tribes. Round about a village, which had been evacuated by the people the day before, were footprints in the half-dried mud of a large lion or lioness. The fence which formed the zeriba was of thorn branches, piled to a height of ten feet, and over this, notwithstanding hurled firebrands and general pandemonium, the lion had leaped into the densely packed enclosure and killed a horse, whose remnants, half devoured by hyænas, lay scattered about, with blood-stained remains of a bridle and other trappings.

Early on the fourth morning after this there arrived in the early dawn at my tent a native, old but active, to say a lioness had just leaped into their village, a mile away, and had killed two sheep, one of which she had carried away to devour at leisure.

A quarter of an hour later I was following up her trail on foot. The men of the village, some half-dozen in number, each carrying a circular shield of antelope skin and two long throwing spears, accompanied me, and assisted in tracking. This is one of the most interesting parts of a lion-hunt on foot, as one never knows when one may come upon the brute, crouching under some thorn bush or dashing through the long grass.

My gunbearer, Fara, followed with a single-barrel eight-bore shot-gun, loaded with ball. I had a double ten-bore rifle, by Manton, of Calcutta, a weapon I discarded next year for a double eight-bore rifle, and that in turn was subsequently exchanged for a double 577 express, by Cogswell and Harrison.

A hundred yards behind, an attendant followed with a riding pony. The country was thickly dotted with acacia bushes, but on the flat, dusty soil it was easy to follow the lion-tracks and the marks caused by the dragged legs of the dangling sheep. We knew that if the lioness were to see us in the open, she would probably make

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ON THE TRAIL OF THE LION.

for her lair in one of the small but dense patches of grass and bush.

Suddenly I saw what resembled a big yellow ball bounding over the bushes—I had seen my first uncaged African lion. I mounted and galloped after her, the trackers running on and endeavoring to keep her in sight.

She soon entered a patch of euphorbia. I crept silently to one end of this and stood ready with my rifle. A man applied a match to the grass at the other end in several places, and the bush was soon crackling briskly. Close to me for a moment appeared the lioness's head thrust from an opening, the white fangs bared and glistening, the eyes gleaming and glowing savagely. Before I could raise the rifle she was gone again, and with a crash burst out from one side and bounded across an open space. I fired, and, turning completely head over heels, she fell crippled, hit through the back.

Giving vent to deep, rumbling growls, she tried vainly to come at me, till, approaching close to her, I killed her instantly with a ball through the neck.

After I had photographed the body of the slain, the men took off the skin and head, and I returned to camp in a contented frame of mind, the men, as is usual on these occasions, wildly excited, and singing a kind of war-song.

That same afternoon near camp I found the body of a young camel, newly killed by a lion, and partly eaten. One could see from the marks how the lion had sprung on to the camel's back and buried its great canine teeth in the neck of its victim.

I ordered my men at once to build me a hiding-place near by, where I watched all night for the lion's return.

I had not been long in camp next morning when two native horsemen came tearing up, and hastily dismounted in a cloud of dust, men and horses hot, tired, and thirsty. Then through my interpreters, Mohammed and Abdool, they imparted to me the exciting information that about two hours away a fine lion was devouring a camel.

It appeared that one of their best camels had strayed, and that, searching for it, they had seen vultures in great numbers circling

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A SLAIN LIONESS.

high in air over a particular point upon the plain without daring to alight.

On riding near they discovered a fine lion feeding on the carcass of their camel. The beast had not moved at their approach.

In a few minutes my horse was caught and saddled, and, with blankets, food, and water, and my ten-bore rifle, we swept off at a jog-trot in a cloud of dust, which never left us, the two guides in front, and eight of my men, with my camera and their own spears and shields, running along behind.

After we had gone fifteen miles, winding in and out among the mimosa bushes, the two horsemen pointed overhead to the blazing zone, and I saw hundreds of vultures flying at an immense altitude. Dismounting and advancing alone on foot with my rifle, I soon caught sight of the dead camel. The lion was crouching behind it, and appeared almost exactly of the same color as his prey. I was within eighty or ninety yards when the lion sprang out toward me and remained for some moments motionless in a defiant attitude, his forepaws extended, his head near the ground, but his back arched.

Supposing he might be coming for me, I reserved my fire —besides, the distance was too far for an absolutely certain shot—so that I might give him my two barrels at close quarters as he was charging down at me. After that I knew I must trust to luck, as I had no second rifle or gunbearer, and should have no time to reload.

After we had thus regarded one another for some seconds, the lion turned slowly and lumbered heavily away. I was sorry, since he had not charged, that I had not fired, and sent a bullet screaming after him through the bushes, as better late than never.

I was soon in the saddle and away upon his tracks at a gallop, accompanied by the mounted guides. The lion soon stopped under a small mimosa bush, crouching and glaring at us with waving tail as we rode round. I then approached on foot. The brute was now swaying his tail and body from side to side with much energy, and clearly upon the point of charging down to kill me.

As I walked round to get a flank shot into his shoulder, the lion moved so as to face me, keeping his body invisible, and rendering a chance shot very hazardous, the brain being the only vital part to aim for.

If one of the horsemen had only ventured near, or if the lion's attention could

A YOUNG CAMEL KILLED BY A LION.

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NATIVES REJOICING OVER A DEAD LION.

have been distracted for a moment toward another foe, he might have turned and given me my opportunity of fatally crippling him. The only issue must now be the death of the lion, or of myself, or both. Which it was to be depended on the accuracy of my aim and the coolness of hand and eye. Every instant the beast, like a huge cat after a bird, was working himself up for the inevitable charge, lashing his great flanks with his tail. I remember wondering at that supreme moment whether the popular superstition that on the end of his tail a lion has a claw or sharp point wherewith to goad himself on to the attack, could have any groundwork of fact

I now gave up all hopes of an easy shot, and, feeling that further delay was impossible, as he might deliver his charge at any moment, I sat down, and, resting my elbows on my knees, fired twice at his head through the bush.

These shots failed to kill, and, uttering hoarse growls, the lion edged round the bush, facing me and keeping low upon the ground. I reloaded quickly, and, standing upright so as to clear the grass, fired my right barrel downward at his head.

The lion immediately rose to his feet, and charged down upon me at full speed, running swift and low. Only my left barrel remained, and, covering his chest with the sights of the rifle as he neared me, I pulled the trigger when he was a few yards distant.

Exactly what the lion did no man will ever know, unless the natives saw. As I stepped hastily to one side, reloading, I was struck by a shower of stones, and half blinded by a cloud of sand and dust. The lion must have passed close by me, and swung abruptly round under cover of the smoke.

When the dust cleared away I saw the lion under the bush again—the same old bush.

He had delivered his charge, and it had failed.

It was a sick and sorry beast, and evidently disconcerted and wounded unto death. I now had an easy side shot into his shoulder, and quickly put two bullets through his heart.

TWO LIONS SHOT, RIGHT AND LEFT, WITH A DOUBLE EIGHT-BORE RIFLE, AT MIDNIGHT, BY THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON.

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POSING FOR EFFECT.

I had seen one of the grandest sights of Africa—the charge upon one's self of the wild African lion, practically carried home, a charge that few have sustained and yet come off scathless. One can have too much of a good thing, and the sight is not one that I should desire to see frequently.

Then came a renewal of the war-dance, savage exultation, face-stroking, and so on, which had taken place when I killed the lioness.

A few days later a lion carried off a donkey out of a native encampment close by my camp, and by dawn I was on his tracks. Then I found there were two lions, instead of one. They finished the donkey off between them, and evidently did not desire our company, since just as we reached rocky ground, where tracking was no longer possible, they were seen stealing off without offering the chance of a shot.

Hoping, however, they might return in the night, I tethered one of my donkeys, and with Faro, my tracker, slept in a circular thorn shelter close by. The night was intensely black and cloudy, and at midnight some large animal came sniffing and breathing heavily close to my head. The donkey then began roaring, as only donkeys can when frightened, but this failed to prevent its being killed. Nor did my shooting have any effect. It was too dark to distinguish anything, but there were much tearing and crunching, and the creature returned again and again, so bold are carnivorous animals under cover of night.

My next meeting with lions was not far away—north of Harar—and on this occasion I bagged two male lions in two shots—right and left. The moon was at the full, and I was sleeping in a hiding-place

THE END OF A GREAT FIGHT.

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built of thorns. My donkey was tethered without, and two natives by my side were keeping watch in turn. When the lion first attacked the donkey the clouds of dust prevented my seeing what was taking place. I was but half awake, and fired a chance shot more with the idea of saving my donkey than anything else. The lion drew off for a moment, and, changing my gun for a double eight-bore, I waited. As the air cleared I saw a lion standing about four yards away looking at me, and I instantly fired at its chest. The donkey, having been torn free from its lashing, was hobbling toward camp. At the same moment my attention was taken by a second lion, which was pulling the donkey down and killing it in earnest. Having done so, it lay behind the donkey and regarded me intently. With the left barrel of the same rifle I made an excellent shot, striking the lion on the point of the nose, the bullet penetrating into the neck. The lion did not die immediately, but continued to emit hoarse roars for some time. At daylight I found it in the centre of a thick bush, uttering most blood-curdling growls if anyone approached. It required another shot to despatch it to that bourne whence no lion ever returns.

A LION'S HEAD : PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR.

After this adventure the lion that gave me the greatest pleasure to shoot was a cruel brute that had been preying on sheep for some time.

The natives guided me to the spot where he had entered a patch of grass eight feet high. I found the patch to be of considerable extent; but after walking round, and failing to see any tracks going out, it was clear the beast was still there. A strong breeze favored the burning out of the lion, and the whole place was soon ablaze. It was uncertain where he would break cover, but I presently caught sight of his head and sent a bullet where I supposed his shoulders to be situated. Another shot was fired, and then there were "goings on" and "ructions" in that grass patch. There were short roars and crashings, and now and then the tail or a paw was seen. I expected every moment the lion would come tearing out. Presently the sounds ceased, but the flames were advancing, and I began to think the lion might be dead. If this were the case, we must endeavor to save his skin from the fire. Supposing we came upon him in the grass, and he were not dead, it would mean wounds or death to some of us. However, on penetrating with great caution, I caught sight of the end of his tail, and presently of his back. I then put a bullet into his spine, after which the natives made a rush, and seized him by the tail, and out we dragged the monarch of the forest —near five hundred pounds dead weight—just ahead of the conflagration.

It was such a near thing, this race with the flames, that the heat was almost unendurable; we were fairly black with smoke and cinders, and some of the natives got their hair singed.

It may be thought that the mere pelt of a lion was not worth the risk of a mauling. This may be true; but when the ambitious lion-hunter has travelled far and endured much, he is willing to take that risk for the possession of the coveted trophy.

The other lions I have met with in Africa have not all showed the same fight. Some sneaked away in time to avoid a bullet ; others were killed without a struggle.

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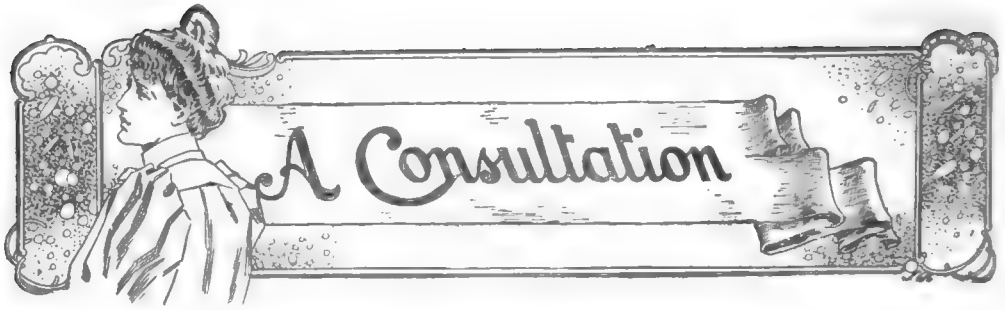

By C. Russell.

The maid said the doctor was out. Would I wait or would I call again?

I looked into the crown of my hat for counsel. A slight twinge of pain reminded me that even if I went to the office I shouldn't do much work that morning.

"Do you know," said I, "when he will be in?"

She would go and inquire.

I reflected that he must be rather a sensible sort of doctor to employ a nice clean maid to attend the door instead of a lugubrious butler. There was a vase with a flower in it on the table, which gave me a still higher opinion of his humanity.

The door opened and a girl appeared—another one.

Decidedly a most sensible doctor.

"Papa——"

I rose at once.

"—will be back at eleven."

I immediately recognized the connection between the flowers on the table and the lady at the door.

"At eleven?"

I looked at my watch, but forgot to note the hour. She was a charming figure.

"Perhaps you wouldn't care to wait?"

Tall; yellow hair; pretty; collar and cuffs.

"Er—well——"

I was casting about for some likely expedient. Should I explain that I should prefer to wait if some one (herself, for choice) would kindly sit with me and divert my attention? On second thoughts, no; she might send me in a boy-of-all-work.

"Three—quarters—of—an—hour," said I reflectively. She was regarding me with grave interest.

"Papa doesn't usually go out so early," she explained. "It's just possible he might be back before——"

"Then I think I'll wait."

I sat down heavily, and emitted a sigh, which I hoped might reach her ears. It checked her exit.

"Of course, if you are in pain, or if it's anything very urgent——"

She left it to be understood that in such case I was to seek immediate relief at some rival establishment.

"I think," said I, "I can manage to wait if—er—if some one——"

I remembered the boy-of-all-work, and stopped.

"Would you like a little hot water?"

It occurred to me she might send it by the maid or the boy, so I declined. She opened the door slowly, and I felt that my minutes were numbered. A happy thought struck me, and I laid my head wearily on the back of the chair. She paused on the mat.

"If there's anything I could do—" She looked at the carpet half way between us.

"I should be so thankful if you could," I cried.

She drew back a little, and then gathered courage again. Leaving the door part open, she came over to me. She certainly had a very charming walk.

"I'm going to be a nurse some day," she explained courageously.

I jotted it down in my memory to have

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a typhoid fever during one of my next holidays.

"And I often help papa with his books and things now."

"There's nothing much the matter with me," I began.

She looked relieved and less shy.

"I've given my arm a sort of wrench." I waggled my right arm indicatively.

"Does it pain you?"

"Is it broken or sprained?" she asked.

"Well," said I, "there's a queer lump just here—" With some reluctance she touched my sleeve with her finger.

"Oh, I hope it isn't broken!" I thought that very nice and disinterested of her.

"If it's broken, you ought to have it in a sling till papa comes in. Do you think you could tell if I got the book?"

THE DOOR OPENED AND A GIRL APPEARED.

"Extremely, when I do that. You see, it was this way—" And I explained how I banged it against the railings last night. I arranged a ledger and a stethoscope on the table to show how very awkwardly the rails and front steps are placed at my diggings.

"It was quite early, and there was a moon, too," I added, vaguely on the defensive. She lent me a most sympathetic attention.

She brought a "Dictionary of Surgery," and we looked up "arm" with growing excitement. All the illustrated pages were skipped with embarrassed haste.

"Had I better take off my coat?"

She hung in the wind a moment, and then pluckily said I had better. But my shirt sleeves disturbed her a little; she glanced towards the door in some distress.

"Of course," she reminded both of us, "I'm going to be a nurse some day."

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SHE BROUGHT A "DICTIONARY OF SURGERY," AND WE LOOKED UP "ARM."

"Oh," said I, "I regard you as a doctor already. Now about this precious arm. I hope the patella isn't smashed."

"Oh, I hope not!" she cried.

"Or the tibula. I think that's the special bone they say you play billiards with."

"Do you like billiards?"

"Awfully. Do you ever play?"

"I have, but I like table croquet better."

She turned to the book and glanced down the page.

"If I read it aloud, perhaps you can feel your arm and see——"

"There's a lump at the elbow here," said I.

She took my word for it without looking.

"Here's something," she cried with elation.

"'Loss of extension power, following a blow, with pain behind the joint, when a hard movable mass can be felt, indicates fracture of the olecranon.'"

She gave me a glance of sympathetic alarm.

"How horrible it sounds!"

"What is the olecranon?" said I anxiously.

"I don't know." Her voice sank lower. "I never heard of it in my life. Perhaps papa won't be long."

I looked gloomily at my arm and felt it again.

"Yes, there's a distinct lump."

"Is it inside or outside? It says here, 'A movable bony mass at the inner side of the elbow after a blow is probably the internal condyle which has been chipped off.'"

I knew I was paler. "The internal condyle?"

"Yes," she said. We looked at one another in consternation.

"There's a lump inside as well as outside. There—can't you feel them both?"

"Yes," she said, in an awed way.

I recognized that my case was hopeless.

"I wish I had written to the mater. It will have to be broken to her somehow."

"You don't live at home?" she asked gently.

"I live in diggings—alone in diggings—all alone."

Pity beamed from her eyes.

"I suppose I shall have to get a trained nurse," I said, despondently. "You—

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er—did I understand you to say that you haven't passed yet?"

"I haven't begun even."

"I shouldn't mind that. Experience isn't everything."

She looked aside at the table.

"I should be an awfully docile patient, and do my best to give satisfaction," I urged.

She looked at the floor.

"And I feel that with you watching over me, I should have a better chance in my long struggle with death."

She glanced at me with startled compassion.

"Surely he won't object."

"N—no. And yet——"

She hesitated.

"You can't begin too soon," I ventured.

She looked up at me, and our eyes met.

Somehow I learnt then—and she, too, for that matter—how much may be meant and conveyed in the meeting of two pair of eyes.

I saw in hers at first a look of doubt, as though she barely understood how to reply to my suggestion. Then a gleam of light came into them, and a look of amusement on her face. She almost laughed outright, half suspecting that there was a method in my illness.

Yet the gleam of laughter died, and I saw a look in her eyes of wonder, of fear, of a sudden awakening. It had come—that exquisite truth of all time, come as suddenly to her as to me. For an instant her glance met mine, and then her eyes fell and a flush spread over her cheeks.

"I—I'll see what papa thinks." We hadn't long to wait. He opened the door at that inauspicious moment.

He really took the situation very well.

"We are engaged," said I (my companion looked unaccountably startled), "in trying to find out how long I have to live."

The doctor laughed. "You must let me help."

I spoke impressively. "My olecranon is fractured. And what was the other thing?" But my companion was gone.

"Tut!" exclaimed the doctor.

There was an air of reassurance in the exclamation, but somehow I felt disappointed.

If there was nothing serious the matter with me, I foresaw difficulties in the way of visiting the house again, and to return I certainly intended.

Yet he was quite right. I was at the office that afternoon, but at the doctor's house—in the drawing-room—the next.

It took a considerable amount of bravery to overcome a feeling of shyness that was in a sense new to me. But go I did, with some sort of excuse of wanting to thank her for her kindness.

After all, the excuse mattered little enough. We understood each other, which was the main thing.

I go every day to the house now. I have a sort of right.

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A RECORD IN TOWN BUILDING.

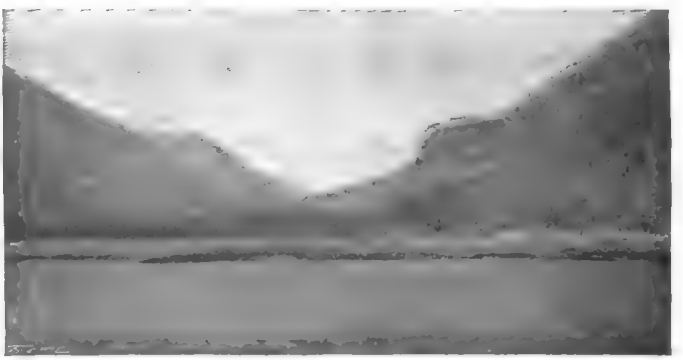
By Harold J. Shepstone.

Photos by La Roche, Seattle, Wash.

To talk of a whole city which can boast of some hundreds of first-class buildings having been erected in a few weeks certainly sounds incredible, even in this age of rush and enterprise. Nevertheless, the town of Skaguay, situated on Lynn Canal, and easy of approach by steamer from Seattle or Vancouver, is a modern wonder so far as the history of town building is concerned. Indeed, the mushroom growth of such towns as Chicago pale into insignificance when compared with the remarkable rapidity of the growth of Skaguay.

We cannot do better, however, than give a brief outline of the early history of this extraordinary town, from which, coupled with the aid of our set of photographs, the reader will be able to gather some idea of what pioneering enterprise is capable of accomplishing.

As most people already know, Skaguay owes its existence to the discovery of the famous Yukon gold fields. There are, of course, many ways of getting to the gold fields, but the Skaguay route appears to have been the most favored by the would-be gold-seeker, and it has been termed "The Gateway to the Klondike." Seeing, too, that the White Pass and Yukon Railway commences at Skaguay, the importance of the town as the starting-point for these romantic gold-bearing regions is still further enhanced. It appears that the town site was located by a man named Ben Moore, and when he left it on August 10, 1897, the "city" comprised his own log cabin, a store and banking-house belonging to the Alaska and Northwest Trading Company, and a few tents. When he returned about six weeks later whole streets of cosey wooden dwellings had been erected, which the owners had themselves located, and had paid a registry fee to the United States commissioner, while merchants were so numerous and enterprising that their wares could be purchased at almost bottom prices. It was the notable gold rush to the north in the autumn of '97 that had wrought this wonderful change in so short a time. Almost daily large steamers steamed into Skaguay Bay crowded with gold-diggers, and the early settlers of Skaguay quickly recognized the grand future which awaited the town provided it was able to cater for and accommodate the seething mass of ex-



SKAGUAY AS IT APPEARED ON THE MORNING OF JULY 26, 1897, BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SETTLERS.

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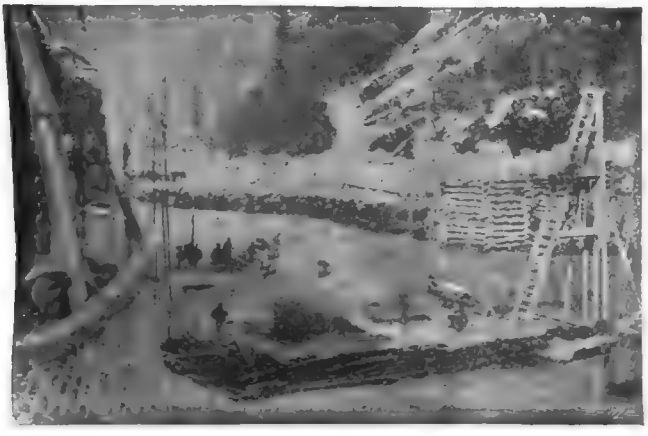
cited humanity which suddenly poured into the place on their way north.

One of our photographs of this extraordinary town has the interest of having been taken on July 26, 1897, when Skaguay was practically composed of one wooden store and a few tents. The photograph was taken from the steamer shown in another illustration, which brought the first party of Klondikers that landed at



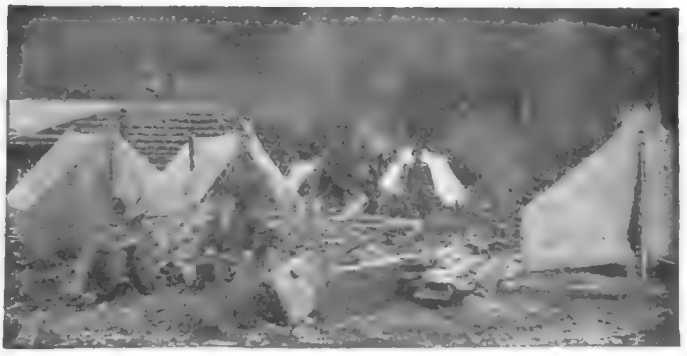
THE FIRST LOAD OF SETTLERS ARRIVING AND LANDING ON THE AFTERNOON OF JULY 26, 1897.

this particular spot; while a third view gives a very fair idea of how the "town" appeared on the following day. The little notice, "Boat for Hire, Enquire Within," which may be discerned on the tent seen in the right of the photograph, speaks well of the business enterprise of its owner.

The steamer "Queen," which arrived in Skaguay Bay on August 12, 1897, was among the first of the large steamers to reach this new port. She brought nearly two thousand gold-seekers, in addition to their luggage, and a great deal of lumber. Both passengers and goods were landed in "scows" or small boats.

The landing of such a considerable number of passengers from one steamer was no easy undertaking. Skaguay is on a tide flat with a tide running over twenty feet, and has a stretch of about half a mile below tide-water mark. To bring passengers off by a rowboat from a big steamer when the tide was out necessitated a pull of probably a mile or even more, when they were carried on the backs of the boatmen to comparatively dry land. The few women passengers often relieved the monotony of the journey by their shrieks and screams when the boatman who happened to be carrying them nearly slipped and lost his foothold whilst splashing through the water, or sunk to his waist in the soft mud. Very soon, however, as the large steamers continued to call with their enormous crowds of passengers, the go-ahead merchants of the place built immense scows, or rafts, some of them big enough to take the whole of a ship's cargo. These when loaded floated to shore on the tide. The scramble which followed directly one or more of these rafts reached the shore was most exciting. Each passenger endeavored to get out his own goods as soon as he could, and woe to him whose belongings happened to be near the bottom of the huge pile!

It is the town itself, however, and its remarkable growth that we are considering, and we will pass on and note the rapid rise of this out-of-the-way settle-



THE TOWN OF SKAGUAY AS IT APPEARED ON JULY 27, 1897—ONE DAY OLD.

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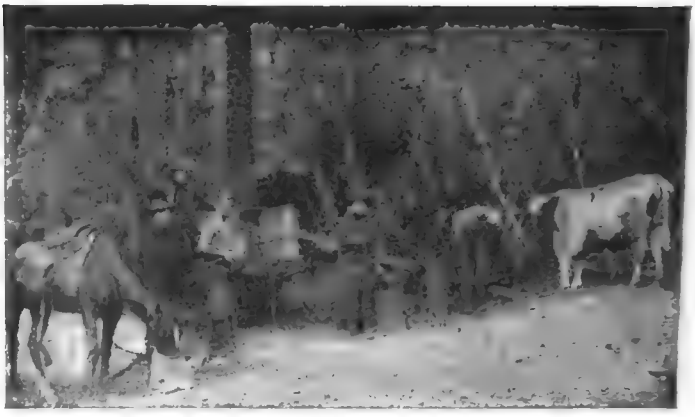
ment. Within a month of the landing of the first batch of gold-diggers a dozen saloons had been started, while a sawmill was running from dawn to dawn, and a steam laundry had also been established. The principal street was christened with the aristocratic name of Broadway, and our photograph shows how this thoroughfare looked on August 12, 1897. Particular attention is drawn to this pic-



THE FIRST BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, WHERE SIX DOLLARS WAS CHARGED FOR SHOEING A HORSE AND TEN DOLLARS FOR SHOEING AN OX.

THE BROADWAY, SKAGUAY, ON AUGUST 12, 1897—A FORTNIGHT OLD.

ture, as by this means one is enabled to appreciate better the rapid growth of the town. This is most strikingly shown by a glance at the other two views of the Broadway which we publish in connection with this article—one taken a month later, while the other is a snapshot of how the Broadway appeared in August, '98, exactly twelve months after our first view of this interesting thoroughfare.

There is quite an air of romance attaching to the stores of Skaguay. The store-keepers of this Far Western town could spin many an exciting yarn of their early struggles in those canvas tents before the present wooden stores were erected. That one of our illustrations which represents the first blacksmith shop has a peculiar interest of its own. To deal with any Skaguay tradesman was a very expensive consideration indeed. More particularly was this the case with the blacksmith, the charge for shoeing a horse being over six dollars, or for shoeing an ox ten dollars. The smithy and his mate opened their "establishment" within a few hours of their arrival, and did a "roaring

THE BROADWAY AS IT APPEARED WHEN SIX WEEKS OLD.

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trade." The trees and shrubbery in the rear of the "shop" give it a picturesque and romantic appearance. The Klondike Trading Company's store is a typical example of the early stores of Skaguay. On each side of the road these tents—or to give them the title by which their owners thought proper to call them, namely, stores—sprang up with lightning rapidity. They were little and big, of different size and shape, and all sorts and conditions of men were interested in them, from the spectacled, muscleless clerk, to the nervous and energetic storekeeper and clumsy miner. The firm under our particular notice, however, is now one of the leading establishments in Skaguay. It now owns a three-corner one-story building 70 by 80 feet, with a stock of merchandise valued at $150,000. They started with an outfit estimated to have been worth only $300.

THE BROADWAY IN AUGUST, 1898—EXACTLY TWELVE MONTHS OLD. OBSERVE THE TELEGRAPH LINES AND THE RAILWAY UP THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.

Considering how the storekeepers left their goods scattered about in every direction, and the confusion caused by an inrush of, perhaps, over a thousand men by one boat, one would not be surprised to hear that goods were frequently lost or stolen. Such, however, was far from the case, and it has been stated that only one case of theft of money was reported within a period of three months of the boom of the town. This was in the case of a man named W. H. Davison, who lost a sum of $1,400 in cash. He was a miner, and among the first batch to set out for the newly discovered gold fields. He determined to put up in Skaguay for a little time before venturing up the terrible White Pass, and foolishly kept his money in his kit under a pile of goods in his tent, which he invariably left open, little dreaming what the consequences would be. Neither does there appear to have been many cases of pilfering with passengers' luggage, that was left upon the beach, unclaimed, sometimes for hours or even a couple of days. The goods were often dumped on the shore pell-mell from the boats, whose captains were anxious to get away again in order to secure a fresh consignment of passengers.

Within about a month after the great rush to the north the town may be said to have been well laid out, new stores and wooden residences springing up like magic on either side of the recognized roads. For the first few weeks of the city's history "biled shirts" were publicly derided, as were also shaven chins. Within two months, however, all this was changed. Four barbers' shops had been established, and what is more extraordinary, half a dozen "Troy" laundries and a bath-house had also sprung into existence. Saloons sprang up everywhere, while a theatre and

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a dancing hall quickly followed suit. "Town meetings" were frequently held, and directly any great undertaking was decided upon its citizens soon voted the necessary funds to carry out the project. The town had not entered upon the fourth week of its municipal existence before $1,500 was readily granted for fire protection. In fact, in a marvellously short space of time everything pointed to the prevalence of a generous atmosphere of conviviality.

We reproduce a photograph of the Broadway taken in August, '98. In this view we can distinctly notice the railway lines running through the middle of the street. The White Pass and Yukon Railway commences at the wharves and runs right through the Broadway, and then follows the river up the terrible White Pass. This railway is now open for traffic as far as Lake Bennett, where passage may be taken by boats through the lakes into the Yukon River and thence to Dawson City. A trip to the Klondike, therefore, by way of Skaguay, is by no means difficult of accomplishment, provided one has the time—and the necessary cash. Some may be inclined to think that the palm for rapid town building should be awarded to Dawson City, the very centre of the Klondike gold fields. It should be pointed out, however, that whereas Dawson City was built with exceeding rapidity, still, it can in no way be said to equal Skaguay, and for this reason: directly the miner reached Dawson City all that he thought about, so far as the town was concerned, was either to find lodgings or a place where he could erect a wooden dwelling or tent. Consequently, Dawson City soon boasted of many thousands of inhabitants, but the town itself was in a very crude state indeed, so far as hotels, public buildings, and the laying out of its streets were concerned. The people of Skaguay, on the other hand, not being in the centre of a gold-bearing region, gave their whole attention to beautifying their town and making it as attractive as possible, as its future entirely depended upon the luxuries and comforts it could offer to the thousands who passed through it on their way to and from the gold fields on the other side of the terrible mountain passes.

A MARVELLOUS TRANSFORMATION IN LESS THAN A YEAR. COMPARE THESE GREAT LANDING STAGES AND WHARVES WITH THE MANNER IN WHICH THE FIRST SETTLERS DISEMBARKED.

Not the least interesting feature of this mushroom city is its marvellous piers and spacious wharves. There are two piers nearly half a mile in length. These were built with extraordinary rapidity, and it is not going too far to say that no piers at any port, considering their length, have been built in such quick time as at Skaguay. They were commenced about September, '97, and completed in about a couple of months.

One reason, perhaps, why the piers were pushed on so rapidly was because they belonged to two different companies, and they naturally tried to beat one another in getting the work completed, and so catch the steamers as they arrived.

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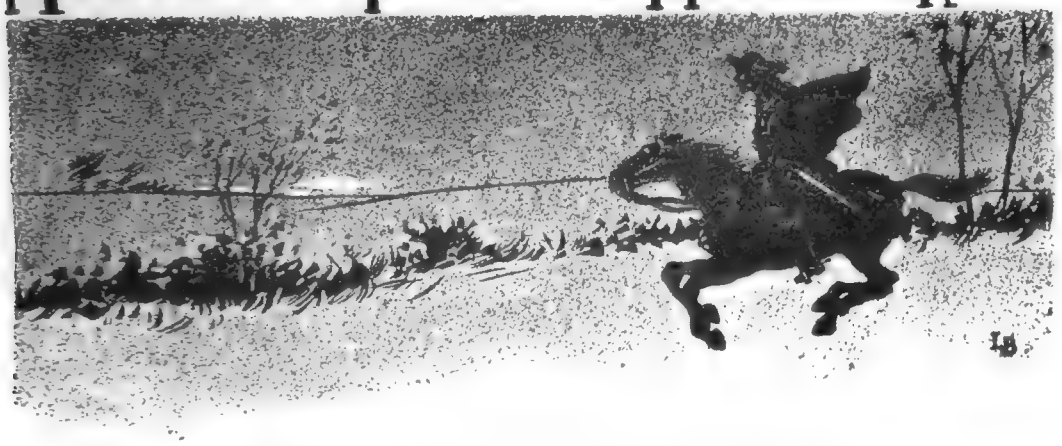
MARMADUKE PARDIGAM'S MIDNIGHT RIDE



A STORY OF THE OLD HARBORO' ROAD.

By Edward Tebbutt.

For some moments I stood by Sir Harry's writing-desk before he took notice of my presence; then, to attract his attention, I tapped the side of my boot with the riding-whip I carried. He laid down his quill pen, and stared at me, frowning.

"So," said he, "you have been treading your old paths again, I hear. 'Tis time some pressure, some stringent pressure, were brought to bear upon your conduct. Such habits as yours, young gentleman, must be nipped in their infancy."

As for me, I made no reply, knowing well that if my uncle were but allowed to speak his full, his anger would be of short duration. He was not a man of many words, nor of threats, but interruption and rudeness he would never brook. So I assumed an air of sorry repentance and turned my eyes to the carpet.

"Well, boy," he exclaimed sharply, "have you naught to say for yourself?"

"'Twas but a joke," I answered in sullen mood, for he addressed me as he might a groom or a lad from his stables. Besides, in the face of his sneer and obvious contempt, the joke did not appear so pretty as on the night before, when naught there was to hinder and everything to encourage.

"A joke!" he repeated, "a joke that is likely to cost you dearly. The stocks or the whipping-post are fitting results for jokes such as yours."

"You forget, sir," I replied haughtily, drawing myself up to my six feet of height, "'tis no boy whom you address."

"I' faith," quoth he, with elaborate sarcasm, "that is a fact it would be impossible to forget."

He smiled beneath his rugged eyebrows, and perhaps liked me none the less for my show of spirit. Yet as the smile died away, it seemed to leave the frown cut even deeper in his forehead than usual. And his hands were shaking like any leaf, a sign of weakness I had never noticed before. Evidently weightier matters than my shortcomings were harassing the mind of Sir Harry Denison.

"Your mother would be grieved to hear of your escapades, Marmaduke," he said gravely, after a further pause. "Do you never intend to develop into anything more than a mere roystering hobbledehoy?"

He looked at me in a careworn sort of fashion from eyes that seemed to remind me of the mother of whom he spoke.

"I'm very sorry, Uncle Harry," I blurted out, like the overgrown schoolboy

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that I was. "I'll be more of a credit to you in the future."

"First be a credit to yourself," he replied, "then talk of becoming a credit to me. However, if you will try and amend your ways, even a little, your conduct this time shall be overlooked. Now, sit down, nephew, and we'll say no more about it. I have a mission for you to-night, if you care to undertake it."

I sat gingerly on the edge of a little fancy chair that seemed more suited to Dorothy, my cousin, and fell to wondering what this mission of his might be. For his part he did not enlighten me, but continued busily with his work, till sheet after sheet of paper was covered with his peculiar handwriting. At length he came to a halt, and carefully folding the sheets one upon the other, he sealed them with a huge red seal, and placed the packet before him on the table.

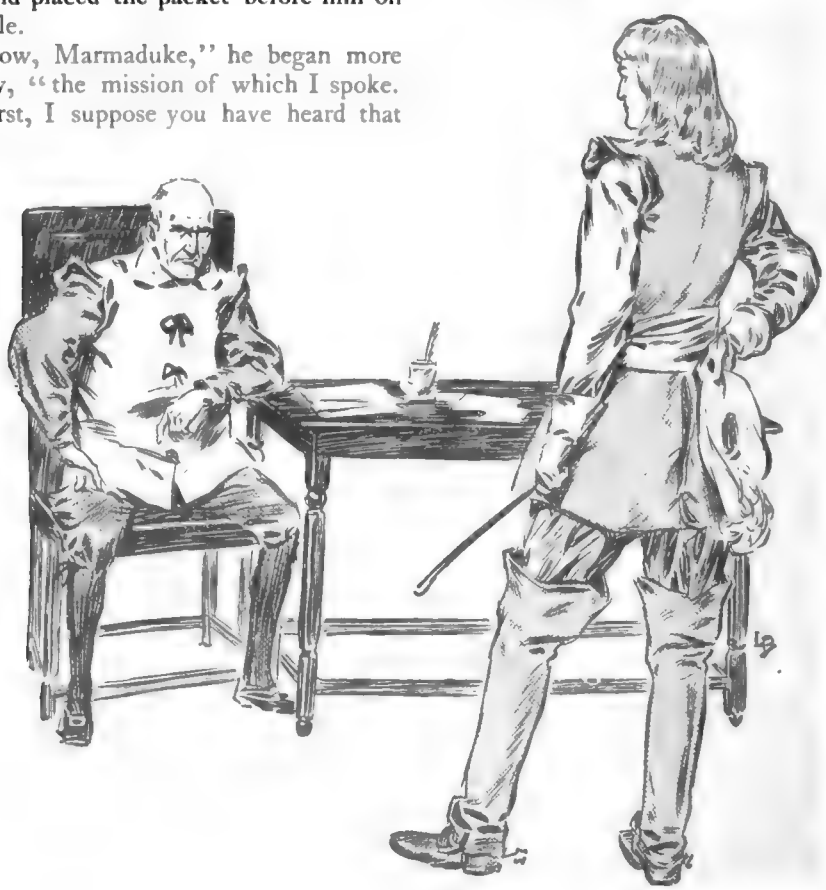
"Now, Marmaduke," he began more genially, "the mission of which I spoke. But, first, I suppose you have heard that civil war is imminent between Charles and the Parliament?"

Indeed had I; for the whole countryside was ringing with the tidings, and men were searching in cob-webbed corners for the old swords and pistols that had served either them or their fathers in by-gone days. Nor did I intend to remain idle, when vast fields of enterprise were open to soldiers of spirit, and a great name and fame but waiting for such as sought to win them.

"Yes, I've heard of it," I replied eagerly. "Which party do you side with, Sir Harry?"

"The party that calls John Hampden its chief," was his stern reply. "The party whose aim is the overthrow of monarchical despotism, the levelling of arrogant pride and deceit."

I was somewhat disappointed at this,



HE PUT DOWN HIS QUILL PEN, AND STARED AT ME, FROWNING.

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for I gathered from his long words that his sympathies were cast in with the Parliament, and I had imagined that it was more befitting the English gentleman to stand by his King and Dynasty in the hour of trial and danger. Of the rights of either side I cared nothing, but, from what I had seen of the crop-eared Puritans, who ranted so long and loudly of Charles's misdeeds, I did not feel inclined to have aught to do with them. However, I had my uncle to consider at present, being entirely dependent upon him for my future. So I appeared to agree with all he said. Perhaps he noticed that my heart was absent from my words, for he suddenly cut me short.

"You may not believe in what I tell you at present," he said, "but to-morrow my friend Mr. Hampden journeys to Haselbeech Hall, and he will convince you more speedily than ever could I. No side that upheld the wrong could call him its chief."

I took little notice of his words at the time. Later, when I met John Hampden, I recalled them only too distinctly.

"The mission that I have for you to-night," said Sir Harry abruptly, "is on the side of the Parliament. Are you willing to undertake it?"

"I am," replied I, reconciled by the prospect of immediate action.

It is needless to dwell at length upon the information and instructions I received. The gist of what my uncle told me was simply this: Living at Northampton was one Sir Edward Montfiore, a Royalist adherent devoted to King Charles, who, to save his great wealth from the hands of the Parliament, and being himself at death's door, had secretly buried his jewels and silver, drawing up a plan to show plainly where they were concealed.

This plan was to be sent to-night to Prince Rupert, who lay at Harboro', and my errand was to circumvent the messenger, and relieve him of the documents he carried. How Sir Harry had managed to obtain his information I am at a loss to determine. Yet there it was, complete to the veriest detail, even to the starting-time of the courier. He would leave Northampton as the clock struck twelve, and, save for accident, should reach Harboro' in two hours.

All the afternoon I pondered upon my mission, and the more I gave it my consideration, the braver the aspect it bore. About six miles from Northampton was I to await my foeman, to settle my business without loss of time, and return immediately to Haselbeech Hall. It was well-nigh eleven o'clock when, armed with sword and pistols, I rode from the courtyard into the night beyond. Some six miles of by-road I had to cover and one or two fields before the Harboro' turnpike was reached. The air was thick and heavy, not impenetrable black, but dulled with a misty darkness, and a faint, soft rain swept along at the whim of the changing breeze. Yet I felt gay and light-hearted as I set out on my midnight mission—the first acknowledged tribute to my manhood—and shook my rein and jingled sword and stirrup, till I remembered my uncle's warning that it were better for all concerned if none questioned whither young Marmaduke Pardigam had ridden in the dead of the night.

The road I have known from my boyhood, and I think Dagmar, my horse, could have followed it with closed eyes, so not much time had elapsed ere the fields were left in our rear and the turnpike itself was gained. The drizzle had changed to a steady pour, the wind blew in fitful gasps and shrieked and whispered through the leafless trees, bending and swaying them on either hand. Soft and sodden was the road, and every step that Dagmar took shot up a spray of mud and water to his hocks. Evidently my work was not to be marred by too great a sense of ease and comfort.

For some half-mile I rode on towards Northampton; then, at the crest of a steep hill, I halted, and pulling Dagmar into the shadow of the hedge, waited for my unknown adversary to gallop out of the blackness and the silence of the night. Weighted with lead seemed the passing moments. An eerie feeling crept over me, a feeling bred by the stillness, the mystery,

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the vigil, and with every sound or cracking of twig, Dagmar tossed his head with but ill-concealed impatience. Down slashed the rain in a ceaseless torrent, hissing and swirling over the road and grass-side. Then—hark! What is that? For out of the silence ahead breaks the shock and patter of a galloping horse, sounds that grow clearer and more defined till it seems that they must be upon the very top of us. Nearer and nearer they come, almost fellow it seemed, mounted on a powerful, mud-splattered horse.

"Your errand," cried I, upon the spur of the moment. Foolish words maybe, but yet sufficient to warn him of my presence. And then an honorable fight, man to man, and to earth with the weakest.

"To the devil with you," roared he, "and my errand also, for all that you may learn of it."

He turned in his saddle and raised his

IN THE SHADOW OF THE HEDGE I WAITED FOR MY UNKNOWN ADVERSARY.

drowned at times by the impatient oath of the rider as he urges on his steed to yet greater exertion.

With a slight pressure of my heel I drew Dagmar a little away from the hedge-side, the while pondering upon the best method of dealing with my unknown horseman. Shoot him down in cold blood, and without warning, I could not even for the sake of Montfiore's treasure. He was abreast of me before I could decide, a big pistol in the air; a blinding flash of light illuminated his coarse, ill-formed features, and a bullet whizzed by my ear in dangerous proximity. Involuntarily I ducked my head, nor did I raise it till the black night had enveloped his figure once more. Almost regretting the chance I had afforded him, I spurred recklessly in his wake. Fresher than his winded beast was Dagmar, and soon I was close on him again. With a feeling of repugnance I raised my

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pistol and deliberately covered his broad back. Maybe he instinctively felt my action; that I cannot say; anyway, he suddenly swung his arm across his breast and hurled his empty weapon with all his force in my direction. The butt end caught me fair and square across the forehead, sending me reeling and rocking from side to side. Yet was that only for a moment. I dashed the blood from over my eyes, and with a savage yell fired point-blank at the dark mass that rode, blurred and indistinct, before me.

It is not easy to fire a pistol from the saddle of a galloping horse and on a dark night.

Moreover, the blow I had received had dazed me to an extent, and I dare swear that, apart from all other things, my hand shook in my fierce excitement.

It was a quick aim I took, and as the tongue of flame spat out and the pistol kicked in my hand, I seemed to know I had missed my mark.

A hoarse laugh came from the cavalier, and a jest for the poorness of my aim, yet the sudden swaying of his horse seemed to tell that my bullet had not been wasted. At length I reached his side, and struck at him with all the might of my sword. The blow but barely escaped his skull. Had it fallen true, it must have split it in twain; as it was, it fell with a dull thud upon the hindquarters of his steed. There was a great gasping sob, the clatter and rattle of slipping hoofs—and alone I galloped towards the town of Harboro'. With an effort I pulled Dagmar's mouth well-nigh to his neck, and turned to where, with legs extended across the body of his dying horse, my foeman awaited my coming. Bridle between my teeth, pistol and sword in either hand, I charged ruthlessly at his huge figure. I had no longer any thought or consideration for my foe. The heat and fury of fight were upon me, and I felt no compunction in making the best use of my advantageous position.

He quickly awoke me to other thoughts. Nay, he came nigh to vanquishing me through my impetuousness. I bore down upon him and slashed at him with my sword. All to no purpose. He slipped aside as I reached him, and managed to prick my leg, though but lightly.

"To foot," cried he, "and fight me man to man."

I slipped from off my horse and turned to where he stood, warily, cautiously. In the gloom I could but see his outline, though his blade flashed white from side to side.

I COULD SEE BUT HIS OUTLINE, THOUGH HIS BLADE FLASHED WHITE.

I quickly drew near to him.

I extended my arm and our steels met; his eyes I could see now, eyes protruding with fear, or lust for my blood. Suddenly he lunged at my breast, and, unskilled though I was, I managed to turn his point aside. Then a gust of wind carried a very shower of water to my eyes, half blinding me with rain and blood. Impotent I stood for one moment, and in that moment my sword went flying over the hedgerows, leaving me with naught but my arms and strength to

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match his weapon and skill. With a roar I rushed upon him. Taken by surprise, he could neither defend himself nor keep me at bay. He slipped his sword into his left hand and struck blindly at me with his fist. I seized him by the wrists and forced his hands to his shoulders. Despite his size, he was but a child in my grasp. With barely an effort I flung him on his back and placed my knee upon his chest.

Yet I could not leave my conquered foe to reach its side. So to settle the matter I seized him by either ankle and dragged him through the mud and the filth to where it lay. Truly a doughty warrior this to send upon such an errand. With a hoarse warning I bade him have a care of what he would attempt, then plunged my hand into the holster that lay uppermost. My fingers closed upon something thick and

WITH A ROAR I RUSHED UPON HIM.

"The papers," I shouted. "The papers."

Eagerly I felt in his wallet and his doublet. Both were empty, no papers were there.

"Where are they, I say," I hissed, pressing my knuckles into his throat.

He writhed and struggled in his helplessness beneath my grasp.

"The horse," he gasped. "For God's sake, loose me."

The horse. I had forgotten that. It lay some yards down the road, dead as any carrion.

bulky. I drew it from its hiding-place. It was a packet of papers, taped and carefully sealed.

With a roar of laughter at my own success, I ran quietly back to where Dagmar stood waiting, and painfully clambered into the saddle. A wonderful feeling of hush and mystery seemed to have fallen upon the night. A long silver streak tinged the eastern horizon, radiating into beams of misty light upon the sky and cloud edge. The dawn had come, and with it had brought me victory. But to him who lay bruised and bleeding upon the sodden road,

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robbed alike of honor and all that the future had to offer, with what feelings would he view the breaking of another day?

In spite of the lateness of the hour there was still a light in Sir Harry's study when I reached Haselbeech, so it was here, armed with my precious documents, that I made my way. To my surprise my uncle was not alone. Seated by his side and engaging him in earnest conversation was a man whom, once seen, it would be impossible to forget. He was slightly above the average height, with a countenance upon which power and intellectuality were stamped on every line; with a massive forehead shadowing a pair of deep gray eyes, and the mouth and chin of a deity from ancient Greece. He looked up as I entered, and Sir Harry gave a gasp of horror.

"You are wounded, boy," he exclaimed, rising to his feet.

"'Tis nothing, sir," I replied bravely, though my head was whirling in weakness and agony. "But a mere scratch, I assure you."

"You have the papers?" he asked anxiously.

Proudly I laid them upon the table. At any rate I had succeeded in retrieving my good name and proving that I were worthy of confidence. Untying the tape, Sir Harry handed the packet to his companion. The latter broke the seals with scrupulous care and unfolded the papers one by one, my uncle watching his face the while. Suddenly it clouded as the heavens 'neath a summer storm, and with an exclamation of anger he flung the packet on the table and turned to me, his eyes ablaze with fury.

"What means this, young master?" he demanded in short, crisp tones.

Mechanically I stepped to the desk and turned the papers over. They were blank from beginning to end. Then the room seemed to spin round and round; I raised my hands to my wounded head and staggered backwards—and I remember no more. When I recovered somewhat I found myself lying on the couch, with the stranger tenderly bathing my forehead with all the skill and dexterity of a woman.

"I must ask your pardon," he said, softly, "for my rude behavior. You are a brave lad, and this night have succeeded to the heritage of your manhood. It is I who am to blame for this unfortunate blunder, for I should have guessed that Montfiore would send on a decoy to precede his real messenger. If we had all acted with the judgment you have displayed, Parliament would have had cause to be thankful to-day. As it is, if ever I need a trusty soldier I shall not have far to look."

Thus I first met John Hampden.

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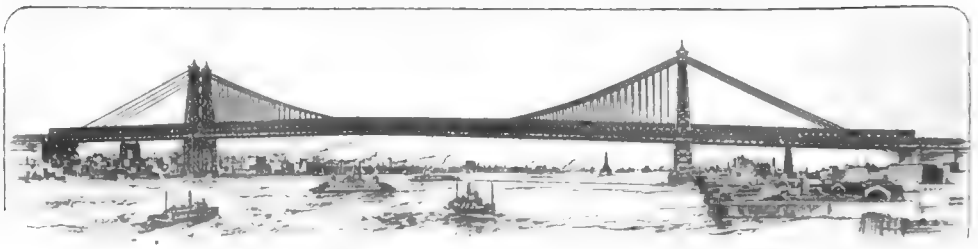

THE GREATEST BRIDGE ON EARTH.

By J. Herbert Welch.

Every week-day morning Brooklyn temporarily loses over one hundred and fifty thousand of her population. These thousands are the Brooklynites who daily cross the East River to Manhattan in quest of the alluring dollar. They are drawn off, so to speak, by the system of trolley and elevated lines, which spread out over Brooklyn like the branches of a great tree, whose trunk is the Brooklyn Bridge. Over the Bridge the cars, jammed to the steps during the hours of heavy traffic, pass in continuous procession. In the later afternoon, when the office buildings are rapidly becoming emptied of their hosts of workers, many streams of humanity pour toward the Bridge. At the entrance they must pause; a kind of dam is formed. Around the vents—that is, the cars—there are rushings and whirlings and great turbulence. The crowds, in short, are too great for the number of cars, although this number, combined with the congestion of trucks and other vehicles, makes the weight as great as can be safely put upon the Bridge.

Yet every year, owing to the reaching of the trolley lines into remote sections of Brooklyn, and to the activity of the land improvement companies, the borough is growing in population. The seven ferry companies that cross the East River have long since reached the limit of their capacity during the rush hours.

"We want a new bridge," Brooklynites have been saying for the last ten years. In about three years more they will have it—the greatest bridge on earth. The East River Bridge, located about a mile above the Brooklyn Bridge, will give direct connection with Manhattan to the hundreds of thousands who dwell in the Eastern District of Brooklyn. Spanning the river from South Sixth Street to Grand Street, Manhattan, it will revivify and transform two very populous but somewhat remote sections of the boroughs. The new bridge is designed to be longer, wider, stronger, and handsomer than the Brooklyn Bridge, as yet supreme among the suspension bridges of the world. The latter has a total length of 6,016 feet, a height of 276 feet, and a width of 85 feet, but its younger sister will be 7,200 feet long, 330 feet high, and 118 feet wide. She will be, moreover, nearly four times as strong.

This greater efficiency has been made possible by recent progress in the art of suspension-bridge building—an art which was hardly known at the beginning of this century, but which had its seed in ages so remote as to be almost hidden in the mists of time. It was the Chinese who first hit upon the bright idea of swinging vines or ropes across streams that were too deep or swift for stepping-stones, the primitive form of the arch bridge. The vines were carried over low limbs of trees on either bank, and then to the ground, forming a curved and swaying footpath. Rude as this device was, it involves nearly the whole theory of suspension bridges. In modern structures great towers take the

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place of the limbs of trees; for the vines or ropes, are immense steel cables; and instead of the passageway following the bends of the cables, it is along a rigid and complex structure of iron girders suspended from the cable and fastened to the towers. But an engineering marvel such as the new East River Bridge will be, is simply a growth from the plan of vines swung across a stream.

This growth, during the present century, has been largely due to the skill and ingenuity of American engineers. We have more great commercial rivers than any other country, and over these, upon which big steamers and tall-masted sailing-vessels are constantly passing, the arch bridge, with its comparatively low and narrow spans, is plainly out of the question. So it is suspension bridges, huge and massive, yet graceful in form, spanning the water-course in a beautiful curve, at a great height, that American engineers are most adept in building.

James Finly, called the father of modern suspension bridges, was an American. Over Jacob's Creek, in Pennsylvania, in 1776, he built his first bridge of this kind, and in subsequent years constructed about fifty more, using chains as cables. L. L. Buck, Chief Engineer of the East River Bridge, has had very wide experience in suspension-bridge building in this and other countries.

The construction of the new bridge was provided for by the New York State Legislature in 1895, and work was commenced the same year. The rearing of the gigantic structure, whose foundations are set upon the bed-rock far down below the river, and whose towers will loom up over the metropolis of the new world for centuries to come, will be a very striking illustration of what the puny hand of man can accomplish in conjunction with his great brain. A description of the work in some detail may, therefore, be of interest.

The first work was done on the tower foundations, which are located in the river, two near the Manhattan and two near the Brooklyn shore. They were completed nearly a year ago, and now the men are engaged upon the anchorages—the huge blocks of masonry to which the cables,

EXCAVATION FOR THE BROOKLYN ANCHORAGE.

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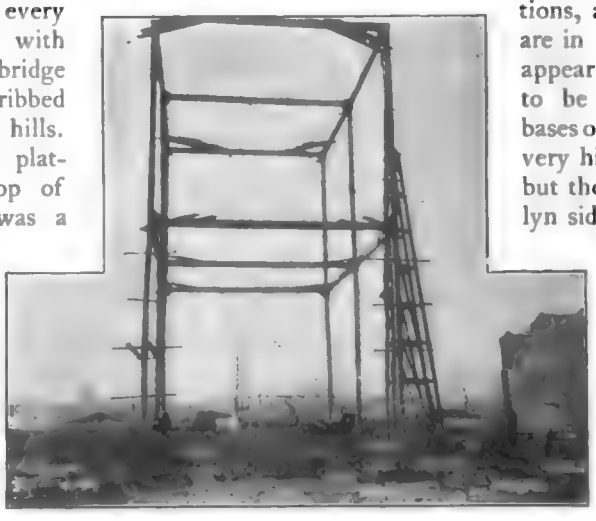
after passing over the towers, will be secured, and which will also constitute the foundations of the bridge approaches. The anchorages will eventually be eighty feet high, and already rise above the adjacent housetops. The writer recently visited the Brooklyn anchorage. At its base, piled up and scattered about in chaotic state, were blocks of granite upon which the stonecutters were at work. From half-way up the river face of the wall a long platform extended to the water's edge, and upon this platform ran small open cars into which, by means of derricks, granite was being loaded from docked schooners—schooners which come down the river every few days laden with tribute to the bridge from the rock-ribbed New Hampshire hills. Connecting the platform with the top of the anchorage was a very long ladder. The writer climbed it.



THE PRELIMINARY FRAMEWORK OF AN ANCHORAGE.

"You had better not come up here," said the engineer in charge, "unless you are pretty sure-footed and have a steady head." This warning was fully justified. A great framework of wood and iron, used for hoisting and swinging into place the blocks of granite, rested on top of the anchorage, and occupied so much space that the only way to get about was to walk on the outer ledge, from which there was a straight drop of fifty feet to the street. But all the danger was not in falling off the anchorage. It would have been easy to fall into it, for there are several deep interior openings which will be sealed. That the anchorages will be solid only in appearance is due to the fact that solidity would add greatly to the time and money consumed in building and but little to the strength. The latter must be very great, however. The anchorages must weigh tens of thousands of tons to resist the tremendous pull of the cables, the ends of which, strand by strand, will be fastened to what are called the anchorage "shoes," great crossbars which will be imbedded deep in the masonry. The strands of each cable will number over five thousand, and each of these strands will have its own little compartment on the "shoe." But before there can be any work on the cables the towers must, of course, be erected. By next spring or summer, it is thought, they will be under way.

The tower foundations, as has been said, are in readiness. They appear above the water to be merely compact bases of masonry, neither very high nor imposing, but those on the Brooklyn side sink so far into the river as to be higher from their bottoms than the ordinary church steeple is from the ground. Away down to the bed of the river, through one hundred and eight feet of water and mud and sand, they reach, resting upon the rock so firmly that nothing but an earthquake could move them a hair's breadth.

The first step in the remarkable work beneath the river was the ascertaining by means of a very long drill just how far below the muddy bottom lay the solid rock. On the Manhattan side this was found to be at the normal depth of about sixty feet, but on the Brooklyn side the drill did not strike rock until it had pushed through over a hundred feet of sand and clay, which meant that on this side the tower bases would be deeper, with the exception of those of the St. Louis Bridge, than any

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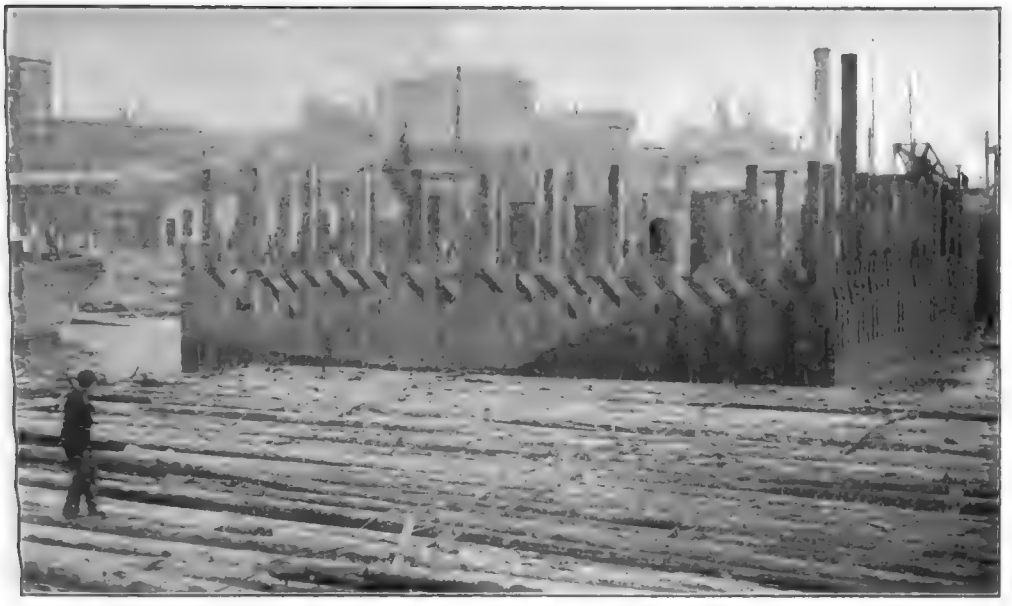

AN UNCOMPLETED CAISSON.

suspension-bridge foundations in America.

The next move was the construction of the caissons, one for each base, or four in all. The caissons for the new bridge are great box-like affairs seventy-nine feet long, sixty-eight wide, and nineteen deep. They are built of heavy timbers crossing and recrossing each other throughout most of the interior of the structure. The bottom in each caisson was made seven feet above the lower edges of the sides, forming, when the caisson is sunk, an underlying chamber, which is the caisson's most important feature. The latter is launched from stays after the manner of ships, and moored with great care in the exact location mapped out for it. Upon its upper surface now begins the building of the stone foundation of the towers, and with the gradual addition of weight the caisson slowly sinks. It commences to push through the mud and gravel at the bottom of the river on its way to the bed-rock. But it would never find a stable or level resting-place of its own accord. It must have human direction. Men must work below the river. It is for this purpose that the underlying chamber is designed. Workmen descend into this space and clear away the mud and sand and boulders as the caisson sinks. Since it is impracticable to make the sides of the chamber water-tight, one would think that it would be rather a damp place to work in.

As a matter of fact, it would fill with water in a few seconds were it not for the pressure in the chamber of air, so compressed as to be exactly the weight of the river water, and therefore heavy enough to keep the latter out. It is not safe to breathe air as heavy as water. Indeed, the physical strain is so great that the men employed in the deep caissons of the new bridge on the Brooklyn side were unable to spend more than ninety minutes a day in the air-chamber, and for this day's work they were paid five dollars. The deeper the caisson the greater the strain of the work, and, in consequence, the higher the pay and fewer the minutes of labor. When the Brooklyn caissons reached a depth of over a hundred feet it was necessary to employ more than two hundred compressed-air men to keep up the work continuously, and the wages of these men amounted to nearly a thousand dollars a day.

A trip to the regions below the river was a unique experience, but one which

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THE LAUNCHING OF A CAISSON.

few persons care to repeat. Imagine yourself taking it. You have waited for the new shift of men to go down and are with them in the "cage." It sinks slowly into the deep and narrow hole and stops gently. Stepping out upon a platform, you are confronted by a small, heavy, and tightly closed door. An engineer turns a stop-cock; there is a shrill hissing, which soon dies away, and the door swings open. The party enters a small room called the air-lock, the vestibule to the working chamber, and also the simple means by which the men enter this chamber without causing the outrushing of the compressed air, which is being constantly pumped in and is, of course, pressing in all directions with great force. When all of the men are in the air-lock the door is closed, and another valve, connecting with the interior chamber, is opened. The compressed air rushes through it and speedily fills the air-lock. This creates equal atmospheric pressure in the lock and chamber, with the result that a door into the latter opens, and you are free to climb down the long ladder into the depths.

But meanwhile you have had some strange sensations. The great weight of the compressed air upon your ear-drums has made you feel as if the sides of your head were being pounded by something soft but very heavy, then as if somebody had bored augers into your ears and was pulling them out.

"Keep swallowing, keep swallowing," says your guide. His voice sounds like a hollow whisper from a distance. The swallowing is for the purpose of equalizing as quickly as possible the pressure within and without the body, especially in the cavities of the ear. During the first few seconds in the lock the pressure from without was much greater than from within, hence the seeming buffeting and rending of your head. But in a moment the balance is restored. You feel better, and are ready to descend into the chamber. It is a weird scene that the electric lights bring out of the darkness—oozing walls, a wet and slimy floor, and uncanny figures of men, stripped to the waist and in high rubber boots, working feverishly. Some have picks and others are manipulating a

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big hose, from which a stream of water is sweeping the mud and gravel toward the mouth of a kind of pipe that passes through the roof. The compressed air is rushing up this pipe, and it draws with it sand and water, as in a suction pump. Most of the refuse is carried away by this means, although for rock and the heaviest gravel there are buckets, which are drawn up through a special air-lock.

You watch this work with elation. You want to fall to yourself. You are eager to do something—anything; an unwonted energy and a strange feeling of lightness have taken possession of you. This is the effect upon the system of the unusual quantities of oxygen you are breathing. It causes the men to work much harder than they would ever think of doing in the upper world. The "sandhogs," as they are called, are the only laborers in the world who must be watched by their foreman to prevent them from overworking themselves. A moment under the river is enough for the inexperienced. You leave this unreal scene—such a scene as might have been conjured up by the brain of Dante—and very soon are again under the blue canopy of heaven. But something is wrong. Some great sustaining power has disappeared. You shake at the knees, and lurch and stagger to a cot in the little house of the compressed-air men. You are handed a big bowl of hot coffee and told to drink it all. You don't have to be told to lie down. Only after a long nap do you fully recover from the exhaustion of the trip beneath the river.

During the sinking of the Brooklyn caissons the compressed-air men usually slept deeply after their forty-five minutes' shifts, and they took many precautions to prevent attacks of caisson fever, a dangerous and lingering form of paralysis due to working in the heavy atmospheric pressure of the air-chambers. But for months they continued this labor. When the edges of the caisson had become firmly and evenly fixed upon the bed-rock, and the floor had been swept clean of all the *débris*, the chamber of each caisson was packed tightly with concrete. A last man filled in a last bucketful and was drawn to the surface. The work was done. Men descend no more to these caissons. They will be left alone to their long task of sustaining the bridge. No river tides nor currents can have the slightest effect upon them, for the concrete has hardened into rock, and has clutched the mother rock, and the whole mass of each caisson bears down with a weight of fifty thousand tons.

The towers of the East River Bridge will be of steel, instead of granite as in the Brooklyn Bridge. Experience within the last two decades has taught the engineers that steel towers, while much lighter and easier of construction than stone ones, are at least as strong and enduring. Some time next year, after the anchorages are completed, the graceful towers will begin to rise.

The four towers completed, the bridge will be ready for the cables, the vital part of a suspension bridge. A scow with a great coil of wire rope aboard will lie near the river face of one of the towers, probably upon the Brooklyn side. One end of the rope will be drawn up over the top of the tower and carried back and secured to the anchorage. Then, patrol boats being on hand to keep river craft out of the way, the scow will be slowly towed across to the opposite tower, leaving as it goes the rope trailing out behind. On the Manhattan side the other end of the rope will be raised over the tower and carried back to the anchorage. Here it will be placed upon a big pulley or drum connected with a steam-engine, and thus the slack, dragging in the river, will be drawn up till it swings in the air at a great height. Another rope will be made to span the same towers in the same way. The ends of the two will be joined, forming an endless rope, which, operating on great wheels on each anchorage, will be run over the towers across the river.

By means of this "traveller rope" it will not be difficult to swing across other ropes, which will support the suspended platforms and afterward the workmen's footpaths. There will be four main cables, each of the thickness of a

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little less than two and a half feet, and composed of about five thousand fine steel wires bound together. It would be manifestly impossible to swing one of these great cables when in a completed state, so they will be swung a wire at a time. After the hundreds of miles of the best quality of steel wire have been made and delivered at the Brooklyn anchorage, several wheels about eight feet in diameter will be mounted directly behind where each cable is to be secured. The wire will be coiled around the rim of each wheel, one end will be passed through a pulley-wheel attached to the "traveller rope," and will be fastened in its place on the anchorage "shoe."

Then the traveller rope will be started across the river, carrying with it two strands of the wire, which is being reeled off one of the big wheels. On the opposite anchorage the wires from the Brooklyn side will be passed around the crossbar in the "shoe," and the travelling pulley sent back to its starting-place. The two strands will be adjusted in their exact place by men on top of the towers and on platforms along the line. Two by two the strands will be sent over to the number of about three hundred, when they will be bound together at short intervals by men on "buggies" or travelling platforms. The cable is made up of separate bundles, for the reason that it would be extremely difficult to fix in its precise position each of the five thousand wires. When all of the bundles are in place they will be clamped together with a great number of heavy iron rings and will be bound with wire, making one great cable of these thousands of strands.

With the completion of the great cables will end the most difficult and interesting features of the work. The minor cables, hanging from the main ones and sustaining the passageway, will be attached as, section by section, the latter complicated framework of girders is constructed.

It is not safe to specify closely the termination of a great work like the East River Bridge, but the engineers believe that their labors on the structure will be over at the beginning of the year 1902. By this time the bridge will have cost, *including* right of way, not much less than twenty million dollars. But it will be cheap at this figure. With its wide walk for foot passengers, its two roadways and six railroad tracks for elevated trains and trolley cars, it will be a thoroughfare along which a greater number of persons will pass every year than the whole population of the United States.

HOISTING DERRICKS ON THE BROOKLYN SIDE, WITH A VIEW OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.

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A QUEER INDUSTRY.

By Herbert Vivian.

If you want to see coral turned into little pink studs and charms and ear-rings mounted in brilliants, you must go to Naples. But for the centre of the trade, where real business is done, you must betake yourself to Leghorn, which supplies the whole world, not excepting Naples, with its manufactured coral.

I obtained a letter to the chief coral workers in the world, and rang a bell in the wall of a modest street in Leghorn. A porter opened the door, and immediately I found myself in a dreamy garden, redolent with orange blossoms, gardenia, and magnolia.

Some way in was a large white house, where I was shown into a gorgeous saloon, thickly carpeted, and full of gilt chairs, magnificent carved mirrors, and exquisite tapestries. The manufacturer came in at once and conducted me up a broad staircase of white marble to the first floor, where we passed through a little doorway into the manufactory.

"Coral," he said, "is so valuable an article, and we have such large stores of it, that we find it wiser to sleep on the premises."

He unlocked the door of a room where the raw material is stored, just as it comes from Spain, Sicily, the coast of North Africa, and the Cape Verde Islands, whence the principal supplies are imported. The coral out of which the Pacific islands are made is of no use, as it is a spongy material and cannot be cut.

"There are six qualities of coral," said my guide. "Their value depends almost entirely on their color, though the thickness of the branches is also important. The commonest kind fetches only twelve cents or fifteen cents for a long necklace, but here is a small branch of creamy pink coral for which we have refused $250 and want $300. It will go to Naples or America to be set in brilliants by the jewellers.

"We supply the whole world with coral, but we have to be very particular to supply precisely the right shade and shape to each country, for no nation will even look at any coral except that to which it has been accustomed. We supply a great deal to Siberia and the Mongols, to Poland, to Africa, to Thibet, and to India, but perhaps it is the dead who are the best customers of all."

"The dead!"

"Yes," he replied, fingering some hunks of very rough coral, largely incrusted with white, sea-worn stone, "these rough beads are in great request for affixing to dead bodies before burning them on funeral pyres. You would be surprised to hear what a large proportion of our trade this makes up."

We went into another room, where sticks of black coral were being washed in oxygen water. They are black, I was told, from having remained so long under water, but recover their brilliancy under treatment.

In the next room a large number of girls were busy cutting coral into the right shapes by means of grindstones and long steel knives. This could not be done by machinery, as a great deal of judgment has to be used in avoiding the knots, where the branches begin.

When the beads were the right shape they were taken to another room to have holes made in them with a kind of bow and arrow, the arrow being a stout needle at the end of a stick. By twisting the bow this was drilled into the beads. But all the processes, and this one in particular, seemed painfully slow, which accounts in a measure for the high price fetched by coral beads. As it is, each necklace takes five days for one hand to complete.

The process of polishing was curious. All the beads, of all sizes, were sewn up together in a sack, and then kneaded and rolled backwards and forwards in water by two men for the space of three days.

Some of the coral has first to be cleared of pieces of net and seaweed. This led my guide to explain that down to forty metres' depth coral is taken by means of drag nets, but beyond that depth by divers.

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By Laurance Wood.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

May 15, 1897.

My Dearest Kitty:

I'm engaged! Yes, actually, seriously, definitely engaged! And I mean it this time. It seems strange, doesn't it, that I should engage myself to a man and really mean it? I used to think that I could never do such a thing. It seems impossible to be anything but free to do anything you like, just to flirt with whoever you want to, and go about and enjoy yourself. But all that doesn't seem to matter, now, although, of course, the old times still seem jolly, and I was a dreadful flirt, wasn't I? But I don't like to think of that now. It almost seems as if I had been doing something dreadful, and that's all nonsense, for there's nothing dreadful in flirting, is there? But I must tell you all about him, for I know you're dying to hear what he's like, and what he is. Well, I met him at Mrs. Rogers' garden party—I shall always owe Mrs. Rogers a debt of gratitude for inviting him—and he writes, writes divinely. Think of it, Kitty, dear: not a miserable grave doctor, or solicitor, or curate (although we've known one or two of them who haven't been so grave sometimes, haven't we, dear?), or a vulgar stock-broker, but a man who is artistic to the finger-tips, and looks it, too. I can't make out what he can see in me to fall in love with, for he's as clever as I am silly, but there's no accounting for tastes, and I have got some pretty little ways, haven't I? His name's Ernest Cooling, and he had a book published last autumn, such a dear little book, in a gray-green cover with a funny

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scrawly design in one corner. He's what they call a "stylist," which doesn't seem to be a very popular sort of writer, but, as he says, a man can despise popularity, so long as he's true to himself and his own ideals—and he says I'm his highest ideal! If only he'd seen his ideal at that picnic, when young Cullingworth behaved so disgracefully, I'm afraid he'd be awfully shocked; but I don't like to think of those things now. He showed me some of the newspaper criticisms on his book. They're simply lovely! I must get copies of them to show you. I've read some of his stories, and they made me cry so much that I'm sure you would enjoy them. That looks rather funny, but you know what I mean. Oh! they are so sad. It seems wonderful that all that sadness can be put into a few words. And, then, to be engaged to the man who can do it! To have him all to yourself, and to know that he worships every hair of your head, and treasures up dirty, white gloves because you have worn them. I know Ernest does that, because I found one of mine in his desk. I didn't recognize it at first, and there was nearly a row. He's so good-looking: exactly what a writer ought to be, with wavy brown hair and large, soulful gray eyes, and such a kind smile. Do you know, I'm not a bit sorry now that I refused young Duckworth, with all his $15,000 a year. He was a horrible cad, and the stories about him, round here, are not at all nice. Isn't it funny how we do the right thing, sometimes, and don't know it till afterward?

What a long letter this is, but I'm so delighted, Kitty, dear, and I know you will be, too. I must be off, now, to meet Ernest. We're going for a long walk, and I don't intend to come back till the moon is up.

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER II.

FROM ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

May 17, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK:

I've done a very wonderful thing; so wonderful that even now I have not ceased to marvel at it. I have fallen in love and am engaged to be married! I wonder whether you'll smile, or sneer, or both, when you read this? But I tell you flatly, that whatever you do is of no importance to me, just now. I'm in that state of complex egotism which forces one to live entirely for one's self and another, and all other folks are nothing better than shadows on a gloriously illumined background. The manner of my translation was as won-

SHE FOUND ONE OF HER GLOVES IN HIS DESK.

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derful as the translation itself, for it occurred at a garden-party. How I happened to be there is a mystery, insoluble and delightful. There were the mumbled words of an introduction, the mechanical bow of acknowledgment, and hey, presto! it was done. The lady was, and is, Miss Mary Ince, and the lady will be Mrs. Ernest Cooling. I suppose there is nothing wonderful to you in this new circumstance of mine; I have seen people in my condition and marvelled at their enthusiasm, and now I am marvelling at the indifference of every one who does not echo my opinion of my own destiny.

Do you remember that little study of a man in love, which is in my book? I read it through last night, and could not help noting its resemblance to myself. I had an unpleasant feeling that my emotions are merely artistic *tours de force*, that my heart is simply following in the track of my head. Do you think it possible that we fashion our most poignant feelings—our love, our grief, our hate—to suit our intellectual requirements? That man in love—a mere creation of words—is troubling me. He makes me feel insincere; he makes me feel a traitor to the woman I love—that I am not offering her the perfect, unlimited emotion of a man, but a mere reflection of my own work, the carefully selected expression of a literary artist. Even my doubts and self-questionings seem priggish insincerities. If my love were honest and uncontrollable, should I have any mood for such metaphysical hair-splittings?

I dare say you will feel very superior as you read this letter of mine. I think it is impossible to find a man who does not feel superior in the face of another man's enthusiasm. Fortunately, the other man feels superior also; that is the law of compensation. I think that nature has designed the love of women as compensation for all the hardships and disappointments that fall to the lot of men.

You may tell the good news to any one whom you think will be interested; I appoint you log-roller-in-chief to my happiness. Ever your sincere friend,

ERNEST.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

July 12, 1897.

MY DEAR KITTY:

Many thanks for your long letter and the silk, which it was so good of you to get. You want to know if I still feel as happy as I did. Quite—quite as happy, even happier, if that's possible, and I think everything's possible to people who are really and truly in love. Ah, Kitty, it was all very well for you and me to lark about as we did, and think we *could* get happiness out of it, but we were a couple of silly little fools. Flirting *and* dancing and picnics may seem happiness enough to girls who have never experienced anything better, but I know that beside a good man's love they were simply not worth having. When I think of the way I've behaved before I met Ernest I feel quite hot with shame. I'm not preaching at you, dear, but I am certain that one day you will find out the truth of what I'm saying, and then you'll feel ashamed of yourself, as I do; you *will*, really, Kitty.

When we are out in the woods, Ernest reads to me from the finest books in the world. It is so splendid to hear him *read*; he seems to feel everything so deeply; and I cry so much, and my eyes look so red, when we get back that people must think we are always quarrelling. He reads French books to me, not in French; I have forgotten too much since I left school for that, but in translations which he has made himself. It sounds shocking to let a man read French books to you, doesn't it? But the books Ernest reads are not a bit dreadful; we made a great mistake in thinking that they were. They are wonderfully sad, and some of them are very bitter and cynical, but not in the least improper.

I don't remember such a summer for sunshine as this is. We spend all our time out of doors, chiefly in Dennet Woods. It is so quiet and delightful. Ernest reads, or

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smokes and talks, and I never seem to want to do anything but listen; that's something new for a chatterbox like me, isn't it? But I seem to have changed altogether; everything appears so different. I don't care a bit for rushing about and going to flower shows and picnics—you can't think how vulgar they seem.

I don't quite know when we shall be married, but I hope it will be soon. It must be so nice to have a house all of your own, just large enough and comfortable enough for two to be happy in. Ernest hasn't a very large income, I know; but he says his book has done him a lot of good, and he hopes to be much better off soon. He's quite a celebrity in literary circles already. Fancy being the wife of a celebrity!

"I NEVER WANT TO DO ANYTHING BUT LISTEN."

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER IV.

FROM ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

July 30, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK:

I am becoming lazy. I am leading the life of an amorous lotus-eater. The weather has something to do with it, and Minnie still more. I do nothing but bask in the sunshine and spin golden dreams, or read my favorite authors aloud under the shadow of some convenient oak or beech. There is nothing more delightful than reading your favorite authors aloud to an attentive listener, and, when that attentive listener happens to be my Minnie, the delight is increased by an incalculable factor. Our reading is the most eclectic imaginable, embracing William Morris and de Maupassant. Of course, much French literature is banned, by reason of its candor; much that I should like to read to her, but dare not; much that is so full of the sorrow and irony of life, but is not absurdly veiled and belittled.

King writes me that my book will go into a second edition: that is better than I expected for a volume which is essentially unpopular. It is having its effect already; the editor of *The Magazine* wrote me on Friday and made me a very good offer for a serial, but I don't care much for the notion of monthly publication, and I have not yet settled myself to anything very long.

Minnie is becoming a veritable little

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critic, quite captious and finical. She discovered a weak ending to a sentence by Arthur Symons the other day. Think of it! And her judgment was just, too. The syllables seemed to droop, and suddenly break off, and fall headlong; most amazing in such an author. You may imagine my delight that Minnie should notice it. I wish I could tell you of her thousand and one methods of delight, which might savor of coquetry, if they were not prompted by so much love, but you must remain in the darkness. You are wiser than me with your "ologies" and "isms," yet you are a thousand times more foolish.

Thanks for the *Herald* cutting. I had already seen it, and it was pleasant reading, I assure you.

Your very sincere friend,

ERNEST.

"HE ASSUMES A CONSIDERATE, SUPERIOR AIR, AND TALKS NONSENSE."

LETTER V.

MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

November 8, 1897.

MY DARLING KITTY:

You say in your last letter that I do not seem so happy as I was. I'm not happy, I'm miserable. Everything seems wrong, and dull, and horrid. You ask when I am going to get married. Goodness only knows! I suppose it'll be somewhere in the middle of the next century, unless Ernest comes to his senses a bit. I could get married to-morrow, if I liked to live in a cottage and make my own dresses, or in a tropical forest, and wear no dresses at all; I think that would suit some of Ernest's mad, primitive ideas. This year he has made $900, and talks about "style" and "art" from morning to night. I asked him if he thought I could dress on "style," and he made some silly, feeble joke. It's difficult to keep one's temper with a man like that.

I've been looking through his book again. It's all very well, and the stories are very clever, but they are not the sort of thing people want to read. They're mouldy, miserable things, enough to give any one the eternal hump, and, Heaven knows, there are enough things in the world to give one the hump without sitting down and deliberately making more. I've done all I can to make him more sensible. I've argued with him, and coaxed him, and bullied, and threatened him unmercifully, but it's no use. He never gets cross; I wish he would; he assumes a considerate, superior air, and talks nonsense. About a month ago he told me that he was trying to popularize his manner, but there doesn't seem to have been much result up to now. It isn't as if he wasn't clever. I know he's very clever

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—clever enough to make thousands if only he would go the right way about it. I wish I could write as he can; I'd soon let the world know that I was alive. As it is, he worries for a whole day over one page, and finishes by tearing it up, and beginning again on the following morning! Can anything be more annoying?

I never go anywhere. Ernest can't dance or do anything that a civilized man ought to do, and the neighborhood would talk its head off if I went about without him; you know what these wretched little country towns are. His idea of enjoyment is to get me to sit in a chair in front of the fire while he reads poetry to me! Cheerful sort of enjoyment, isn't it? Mrs. Partridge gave a dance on Monday. Everybody who is anybody was asked. Ernest and I were asked, but we didn't go. Oh, no! Ernest said he'd go if I particularly wanted him to—looking as if some one had sent him an invitation to his own funeral. Of course, I didn't want him to make a nuisance of himself, crawling all over the place like a fish out of water; and, very likely winding up in a corner with a book in his hand; so we stayed at home, and I had a double dose of poetry by way of compensation! If I have many more doses of poetry, or hear many more lectures on "style," I shall burst. I suppose it will be all right in the end, but I do think Ernest might be more considerate. I know he's very fond of me, but a literary atmosphere is too stuffy for me to breathe always.

Yours ever,

MINNIE.

LETTER VI.

ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

November 14, 1897.

MY DEAR FRANK:

This is a gray day; yesterday was a gray day, and to-morrow may be a black day! Everything seems ill-favored and worthless, even the writing of good English. I am beginning to understand that the cultivation of a fastidious regard for words may be a delightful hobby for a millionaire or a careless tramp, but it is a woful pursuit for a man with his bread and butter, and more, to earn. I can understand your smile. I, the supercilious artist, am writing like the veriest commonplace storekeeper. I know; I know. I could smile myself, if it were not such a painful thing to stick a steel pen into one's cherished ideals. Ideals are very little use to a man who has responsibilities to the world. Minnie has told me so, my own conscience has told me so. Summer dreams are delightful companions on a summer holiday, but life cannot be one long summer holiday. Commonplaces, my dear Frank, mere commonplace truths; and yet, a year ago, I thought them absurdities, invented by a storekeeper to excuse his own existence.

This year I have earned $900! More than enough for my own wants, but not half enough for the wants of a pretty woman and her entourage, and, by Heaven, not a hundredth part of what the pretty woman deserves! Minnie is beginning to fret. I am dull, stupid, selfish, and, worse than all, it has taken me a whole year to earn $900. I have attempted potboilers! I have tried to write popular stories for popular magazines! I have worried my brains for sensational and sentimental plots, and the results have been polite letters from regretful editors, telling me what a pleasure it would be to publish anything from my pen, but the story I have submitted is scarcely of a nature to appeal to their readers. How I envy you in your everlasting, professorial corner, with your everlasting, professorial income! How I envy any man with more than $2,000 a year, and no ideals to tweak his conscience and say: "You loved me, once."

If I thought that advice could be of any use to me I should ask for yours, but I feel that I must work out my own salvation in my own way.

This is a puzzling world to be suddenly and responsibly born into.

Your sincere friend,

ERNEST.

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LETTER VII.

MISS MARY INCE TO MISS CATHERINE JOHNSON.

February 9, 1898.

MY DEAREST KITTY:

I've broken it off. I couldn't help it, and I'm not sorry that it's done. It was like being tacked to a mummy with a phonograph in its inside, and I can't stand that sort of thing. I dare say he's a very good man, and would make a very good husband for any one who likes a life of "style" and starvation, but it wouldn't do for me, I'm certain of that, and I think I've done quite right in putting an end to it. Don't you, dear? As it is, I've wasted a whole year moping over poetry and a set of miserable French writers, who don't seem to have a laugh or a happy idea amongst the whole lot of them. The entire neighborhood was laughing at me. Of course, they were polite enough to my face, but I felt certain that directly my back was turned they were sneering and giggling like a set of hateful idiots, although I suppose I was the idiot to put up with it as long as I did. Why, actually, our engagement was spoken of as the "Hardy Annual." I heard it from Emily Beauchamp, who is spiteful enough to tell you anything. Fancy being the laughing-stock of a set like that.

"MINNIE HAS BROKEN OFF OUR ENGAGEMENT."

We went to a dance at Beechcroft. He did worse than moon about the passages and corners. He tried to waltz. You never saw such a shamble. And there was half the room looking on and pretending not to laugh. You can imagine what a rage I was in. I felt as if I could have died with shame, and then, when it was finished, he smiled at me, in a silly, superior, fatherly way he has, and wanted to know if that would be the end of his self-sacrifice. His self-sacrifice! I should have liked to have killed him. I advised him to go home before he made a worse exhibition of himself, and he actually went, and left me to look after myself before all those people. That's a nice sort of a man to be engaged to, isn't it?

He's awfully cut up about it. Maggie saw him yesterday morning in the High Street, and she says she never saw any one look so miserable in all her life. Well, it isn't my fault, is it? I'm sure I've done my best, and now I know what it will be. He'll go about with a long face, advertising his grief, and everybody will put me down as a hard-hearted jilt. Why can't he behave like a man! I believe he was very much in love with me, and I dare say it's very hard on him; but he couldn't expect me to starve, even for the pleasure of being his wife, could he?

Your loving friend,

MINNIE.

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LETTER VIII.

ERNEST COOLING, ESQ., TO FRANK HENDRIE, ESQ.

February 14, 1898.

My Dear Old Friend:

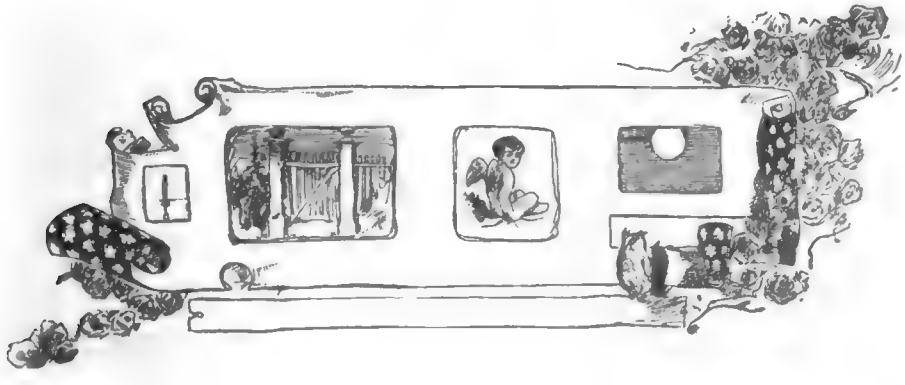
On each day of the past week I have tried to write to you, and each time the effort has been too painful to be continued to performance. I suppose it is in the nature of every man to consider his own sorrows and joys beyond all the sorrows and joys in the world, and my sorrow is blotting out all sense of proportion and justice. Perhaps you may have foreseen what has happened; it may have been an evident issue to any one less blind than I was. Minnie has broken off our engagement. To me it came with the suddenness of lightning; it seemed as if some giant hand had crushed the world to hideous fragments. As I have told you, things were not going rightly. Minnie was petulant at my stupidity, and I was less considerate than I should have been. My income was too small. I tried to increase it, in a weak-willed, tentative way; you know my method. Had I been more energetic I might have succeeded. There are some natures which seem able to discipline themselves to any feat. Mine is not one of these. I am finical, fastidious. I cannot face a difficulty and punch it out of existence. I niggle and falter, shrinking from this and that, producing petty results, quite unable to move with quickness and determination. Oh, I know my faults, and doubtless I am working out my destiny in the only fitting manner; but, my dear Frank, it is so hard—so very hard to lose her. Even now I cannot believe it is all over. For some men it would not be; they could battle against Fortune until they twisted her to their own ends. I can only sit in a black veil of my own misery, and think. Oh, that horrible thinking. To wonder what will happen to the woman one loves; to wonder whose wife she will be! Yes, there is the sharpest sting—to wonder whose wife she will be. Think of my happiness six months ago, and think of my misery now! Oh, it's hideous!

I suppose I shall live down my misery; one can live down anything, except one's self. Now, there seems no more contentment, no more interest, scarcely any more life.

She used to pitch into my poor little book; that was unkind. The best of me is in my little book.

Your very miserable,

Ernest.



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WHAT I PICKED UP IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

BY

FLORENCE E. BURNLEY.

A NATIVE SEAT, ORIGINALLY AN IDOL.

THESE curiosities from Hawaii will help us to realize the great gulf that a rapid civilization has fixed between the prosperous inhabitants of the city of Honolulu at the present day and the old pagan Hawaiian with his superstitions, his human sacrifices, and his queer customs.

Although this sprawling wooden figure makes a very good seat, and has actually been used as such, it was originally an idol representing a woman in one of the positions of the *hula* dance. The mouth is set with human teeth, and the crown of the head was formerly covered with tufts of human hair, taken from the head of some enemy, most of which has long fallen a prey to the mischievous fingers of a generation without reverence.

The hula-hula were rather acted songs than dances. A hula was danced probably for the last time recently on the occasion of a royal birthday, and as it is by no means a graceful or edifying performance, this relic of barbarism will be well consigned to oblivion.

The dancers were usually women, who wore wreaths of the gorgeous flowers for which Hawaii is so justly famed, dogs' teeth buskins on their ankles, hogs' teeth bracelets, and the whale's tooth ornament on the breast. The songs were sung to the accompaniment of drums—generally the small kind here shown—rattles, and sticks struck together.

A HULA RATTLE MADE FROM A GOURD CONTAINING A FEW SEEDS, WITH A BUNCH OF COCKS' FEATHERS TIED TO THE OTHER END OF THE STALK.

The rattle, "uliuli hula," consisted of a small gourd, in which were a few seeds, the stalk end forming the handle, to which the large ornament, in the shape of a bouquet, was fastened. This latter is made of cocks' feathers with two rows of royal red feathers of the iiwi.

The drum consists of half a cocoanut resting on a cylinder of palm wood, the membrane being strained over the head by means of sinnet cords.

The bringing down of a new idol from the forest was a most imposing and gruesome ceremony. A hog and a human being were sacrificed in front of the chosen

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tree, which was then felled with a consecrated axe (here shown) and speedily converted into a long idol, "hakuohia." No one not taking part in the procession was allowed to see the image, on pain of death, as it was being carried to the new temple amid yells and the beating of drums, which acted as a warning to the villagers not to look.

AT THE LEFT AND RIGHT ARE SACRED AXES FOR CUTTING DOWN TREES TO BE MADE INTO IDOLS. IN THE CENTRE IS A FEATHER SCEPTRE OF STATE.

Until the reign of King Kamehameha I., Hawaii was governed by independent chiefs, who were considered sacred and almost received divine honors. When they took their walks abroad the chiefs were preceded by outrunners, who gave the warning cry of, "E moe o!" on hearing which the people prostrated themselves with their faces on the ground. Death was the penalty of the slightest breach of etiquette, such as to remain standing at the mention of the king's name in song, or when the king's food, drink, or clothing was being carried past; to put on any article of dress belonging to him, or even to cross his shadow or that of his house. It will be readily understood that nothing was considered too costly for the use of such a revered monarch, and the cloaks like the one here given, belonging to a king, who alone was privileged to wear one, were priceless. These robes of state are called *mamo*, from the bird of the same name whose feathers are used for it; the groundwork is a fine netting of hemp, to which small, delicate feathers of a bright canary yellow are attached so as to overlap each other, forming a velvety surface.

A NATIVE DRUM.

The birds from which these feathers are obtained in phenomenally small quantities—one small tuft only from under each wing—are snared by means of branches smeared with papala gum and baited with flowers, for these small birds are honey-suckers, and live on the nectar of the flowers of the ohia, the banana, and the large lobelia. The feather cloak of King Kamehameha I. occupied nine generations of kings in its construction.

The scarlet feathers with which the pattern is marked on the cloak are also royal. None but a chief or king was allowed to wear them. They were obtained from the iiwi, a song-bird of gorgeous plumage.

The helmet is made of wickerwork, covered in the same manner as the cloaks with the royal feathers. It is not of much

A ROBE OF STATE, THE GROUNDWORK OF WHICH IS FINE HEMP COVERED ENTIRELY WITH FEATHERS.

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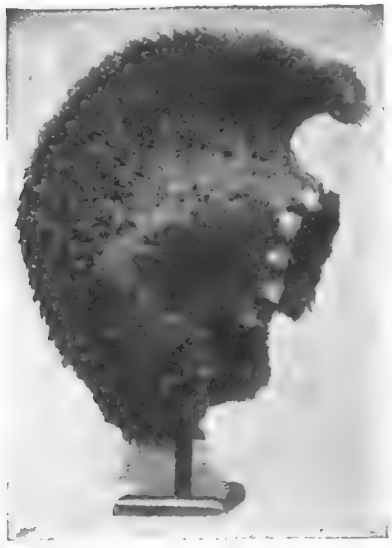
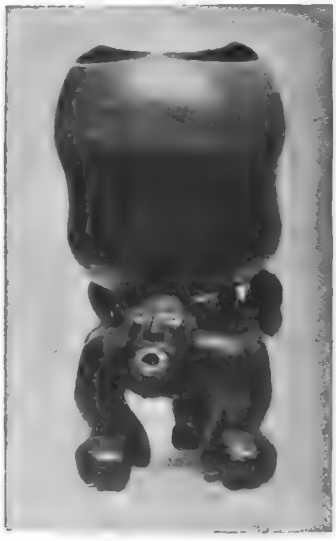


A ROYAL HELMET MADE OF WICKERWORK AND COVERED WITH FEATHERS.

use as a protection for the head in time of war, but is rather an insignia of rank.

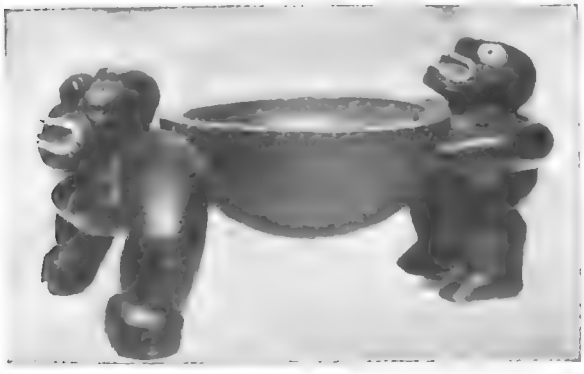
The chiefs loved to be surrounded by a throng of attendants noble on the father's side. The most important, however, and indispensable of these many retainers were the kahili-bearers, of which there were several kinds, some being merely deputed to brush the flies from the royal person, while the others bore the variously colored sceptres of state called kahili, or feathered staffs, from 10 to 30 feet high, composed of feathers arranged on little branches attached to the staff so as to give the correct cylindrical appearance. These were of the greatest importance in all royal functions; the handles were covered with rings of tortoise-shell and pearl.

All kinds of fish, mollusks, fruit, and seaweed are eaten in profusion by the natives, flesh being considered a luxury. But poi is the national dish, without which no repast is complete. It is prepared from the taro root, which is baked in an underground oven, and then laboriously pounded with pestles on a large flat stone, water being mixed with it until it is of the consistency of starch; it is then put away in calabashes to ferment, after which it keeps for months.



A BOWL. HAIR AND TEETH ARE OF HUMAN ORIGIN, THE EYES BEING MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

Several poi-bowls, some made of calabashes, others of polished wood, ornamented in the style of our illustrations, appear on every Hawaiian table —that is to say, on the ground covered with fern and palm leaves for a table-cloth. No spoons or forks are used, each person dipping either his fingers or the piece of broiled fish or flesh he is eating into the nearest poi-bowl. The teeth and hair of the hideous figures supporting these bowls are of human origin, and their eyes of mother-of-pearl.



A NATIVE DISH.

The Hawaiians are distinguished from the Polynesians by the fact that they distilled salt from sea-water and used it with their food before the introduction of civilization, and the double bowl here shown, with a grotesque figure for a handle, is a

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A NATIVE CRUET FOR HOLDING SALT ON ONE SIDE AND ON THE OTHER A MIXTURE OF SALT AND BAKED KUKNI NUTS.

cruet for holding on one side salt or brine —whichever was the most convenient for dipping the food into—and on the other side a condiment composed of salt and baked kukni nuts pounded up together.

Rare ingenuity, such as would have delighted the soul of Izaac Walton, was displayed by the ancient Hawaiians in their methods of fishing, and in the appliances they used long before the white man had had a chance of teaching them his crafts and arts.

The fisherman had, first of all, an intimate knowledge of all the different kinds of fish frequenting the seas, and of their habits and feeding grounds. The chief modes of fishing were by spearing—a sport sometimes indulged in by torchlight—by baskets, by hook and line, and with nets.

The hooks were made of bone, mother-of-pearl, in different styles adapted to the fish they were intended to catch. A showy, large variety of cowrie is used to attract the squid; it will be observed resting on the round stone which helps to balance the hook in the water.

A FISH HOOK. ON ONE SIDE IS TIED A STONE, ON THE OTHER A COWRIE.

The fishermen had many "tabus" (prohibitions) peculiar to themselves; their small temples might have been observed on every promontory, and they never used a new set of fish-hooks without making a sacrifice or repeating a prayer to their patron god Ku-ula, his wife Hina-hele, or the shark god Mokuhalii; the latter especially must be propitiated.

On the fourth night of the great Kuili ceremonies, during which feasting on hogs by priests and people was intermixed with religious rites, a good *aha*, or service, was performed by the king and the chief priest, while another priest with a company of fishermen put to sea for *ulua*.

The new idols were during the night invested with white kepa cloth and received their names; a great sacrifice then took place, several human victims, together with hogs, bananas, cocoanuts, and fish, etc., being offered upon the altar.

A FLESH SCARIFIER. USED BY THE NATIVES TO LACERATE THEMSELVES IN TIMES OF GREAT GRIEF.

If the fishing proved unsuccessful, the men killed a man in the village, and, dragging him along to the temple with a fish-hook in his mouth, sacrificed him as a substitute. When the *ulua* priest approached, chanting his prayers and carrying his hook and line, all the villagers fled in fear of their lives. As soon as the incantation was finished, the priest reported to the king what manner of omens he had observed before offering up the fish; if his rod or line were broken, or if the fish had devoured all the bait, the omen was bad.

This is but one of the many ceremonies connected with fish, one of the great natural articles of diet abounding in the island.

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"FEW of those who wander up and down the river know what lies behind the Sandspit at Holehaven," said Gaskin. "In those hulks there is enough dynamite to level half London, were it within reach."

We were steaming slowly against the ebbing tide, returning to Gaskin's launch from a late visit to the Medway. The sun had sunk behind a broken mass of clouds, and now threw a fiery glow across the purple river, that flashed and scintillated in wide-spread patches down to where the water tumbled in foaming savagery under the *Vigilante's* bow.

Suddenly we noticed the launch was swinging rapidly shorewards.

"What's wrong, Dismal," cried Gaskin, as he approached the skipper; "surely you are close enough to the sands!"

"There's su'thin lyin' on the mud there, sir. Do you make it out? It's about a point on the port bow now, sir. Steady, Kosh!"

"I see. What is it?"

"Looks like az if 'twer anover of them missin's, sir," said Dismal, with his eyes glued to the glasses.

Gaskin took a telescope from the rack, and stood searching the shore.

"Gad! You are right, Dismal," he cried, as he shut the glass with a snap. "Look, Ralston, yonder lies another of the shadows that cross the threshold of this great London of ours, a body stripped naked—by whom?"

"Steady, Dismal! Go dead slow, and have the boat got ready."

Five minutes later we left the launch, and, rowing quickly shorewards, presently came into the dismal shelter of the banks. The river ran more sluggishly here. A dozen creeklets and countless twisting rivulets drained over the flats from the farther channel. A desolate vista lay on every hand. The banks were dark; the swaying reeds and tufts of adventurous grass all dark, and from their midst ran the tortuous streamlets all crimson in the sun-glare.

When the boat reached the sands we leaped quickly overside, and waded through the slime until we came upon the object of our search.

It was the body of a man, tall and powerfully built, with bronzed arms and knotted muscles, massive thighs, and the torso of a Hercules—the sort of man who would sell his life dearly in a fight; whose strength would be a terrible weapon of defence. Yet here he lay, a flaccid heap of inertia, stark naked at the edge of the tide.

I had time to note these matters whilst Gaskin kneeled down, searching for traces of lingering vitality. At length he got up.

"We are too late," he remarked quietly. "We must get him on board, and take him up. What a magnificent specimen, eh, Ralston?"

"A perfect gladiator," I replied. "Good God!"

The men had turned him over whilst we were speaking, and I instantly per-

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ceived a terrible expression, a white, scared look, the look of a man who had died in an agony of fear, printed vividly on his blanched face and in his staring eyes.

"There is a mystery about this man's death," said Gaskin sternly. "Cover him up, lads, and get him to the boat."

"My Gawd!" cried the skipper, who was stooping to lift the man's feet. "What's this? Lumme! If he haven't been sucked dry a'ready!"

He pointed to a punctured wound in the soft part of the big toe, where the flesh was drawn and blue.

"That has not been done in the water, Dismal," said Gaskin, as he stooped to examine the place. "The man has been bled there before death."

"By which, sir, you mean this chap's been murdered?"

"That's about it, Dismal."

The skipper whistled.

"He's a Dutchman, sir," he remarked, inconsequentially; "leastways, that's wheer I should say he hailed from."

"Norwegian or Swede, probably," said Gaskin. "By the way, how many Baltic men are there lying in the Hope?"

"There was quite a fleet of 'em, but the lawst few days' fair wind has sent 'em scootin'. I doubt if there's many now."

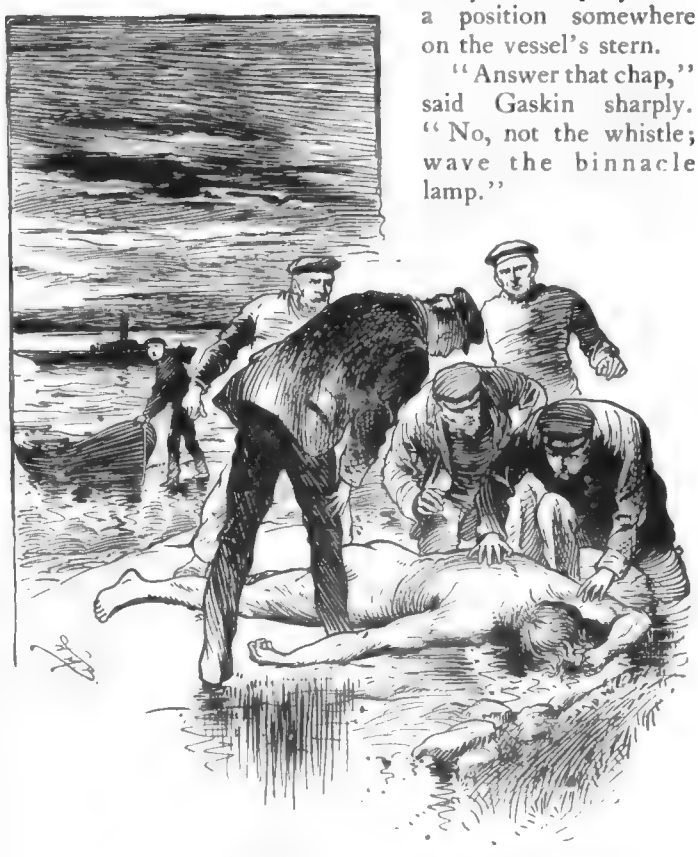
"We will run across river," said Gaskin, "and look them up as we pass."

By the time we had carried the body on board and headed the launch up the Reach the darkness had closed in. Low in the far nor'west a few faint, coppery tinges lingered, and against the waning light the outline of fort-capped Coalhouse Point stood out in bold silhouette, whilst nearer at hand lay the clustering masts and yards of ships at anchor.

We crossed straight over from the tail of the sands into Mucking Bight, as much to cheat the tide as with the idea of looking up the foreigners who congregate at this end of the Lower Hope.

There were, as the skipper anticipated, only a few vessels left. Of these, two lay well down towards the head of the creek, another farther up, and almost in a line with the Port boundary mark. As we steamed past them we stopped to hail each consecutively, asking if they had lost any of their crew. In each case the same answer was returned: "No." All hands were on board, and they were sailing in the morning. But as we crept slowly towards the third, we saw a light flashed many times rapidly from a position somewhere on the vessel's stern.

"Answer that chap," said Gaskin sharply. "No, not the whistle; wave the binnacle lamp."



IT WAS THE BODY OF A MAN, TALL AND POWERFULLY BUILT.

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This was done, and we saw the light waved frantically a few moments; then all was darkness.

"Crawl up as quietly as may be," said Gaskin again. "There's something adrift here, or they would hail us."

Before long we drew silently under the great square stern of a Norwegian bark, and passed a line round her rudder chains. She was the *Mælström*, of Bergen. Her name, picked out on a gigantic scroll-work in yellow letters, was just above us. There were three square ports higher up, but no light appeared in either. Evidently if the cabins were lighted the shutters were closed inside. Whilst I was wondering at the silence, the end of a rope lowered quietly from the taffrail, trailed in the water close alongside, and on looking up we saw the shadowy outline of a man crawling over the rail from behind the wheelhouse.

PRESENTLY THE MAN WAS SEATED ON THE SKYLIGHT BEFORE US.

In another moment he had slid down, and was hanging in mid-air just clear of the launch.

"Catch hold of the rope. Pull him in, Dismal," Gaskin whispered.

Presently, with the help of the skipper, the man was seated in a heap on the skylight before us.

"It's Cap'n Gaskin's launch?" he whispered, looking about him in a dazed fashion. "Yes, a' knew that—there ain't another launch wiv her sheer on the river. Whist, mate, wheer's a taste o' rum?"

"What's adrift, my lad?" said Gaskin, as he handed the man a toss from his flask.

"Sir," said the man, tossing off the liquor at a draught, "there's a song about some chaps as 'rode out of the mouth of hell.' That's me—I'm just out of it; an' my name's Hellings, which is coincident. Drop the launch astarn, sir."

Gaskin gave the order.

"Wiv the tide, sir. Oh, my Gawd! not wiv the engines."

As we drove through the darkness, Hellings rose from his crouching posture on the skylight, and, creeping forward into the eyes of the launch, gazed steadfastly at the blurring *Mælström*.

"Why did I say drop her astarn quiet?" he asked, coming aft when at length the ship was faint in the darkness. "Becose, sir, there's a devil on that ship—a female devil, sir, which is the wusser sort. Oh, my Gawd!"

The man had stumbled across the partly covered corpse that lay on the launch's deck. In a moment he was all excitement, kneeling beside it, his face twitching and working in the glare of the engine-room skylight.

"Sir," he whispered, "it's Bjornson—the last of 'em! the last of 'em!"

He stumbled to his feet again, and called to Gaskin for his flask.

We went over to where he stood, and I heard Gaskin speaking quietly to him.

"Were you to pilot her down?" he questioned.

"That's about it, sir. Times are hard—a man must live."

"I don't blame you, but the pilots would."

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"There's as good men in the boats as ever piloted for Trinity House, sir. Talk about robbery, Cap'n Gaskin; ain't it robbery for one chap to have the pref. over all the rest? Ain't that robbery?"

"That's better," said Gaskin, quietly to me; "now we shall get something out of him."

"Look here, sir, it's like this. I'm afloat in the old boat betimes off Greenwich, last Tuesday, when I see the *Mælstrôm* coming down stream in the wake of a little tosher as she could have stowed betwixt galley and mainmast. There are no boats alongside, so I says to myself, I'll take the liberty of putting my hook aboard you. Perhaps there'll be a job out of it, perhaps there won't. Odds is evens in cases of this sort, so hook her it is. By and by, I fix the boat's slip and climb on board over the stern. There's a white-haired Dutchman at the wheel, an' there's a yellow-haired Dutchman, wiv a long, yellow beard, walking the poop.

"THERE SHE WAS, STANDING ATOP OF THE COMPANION STAIRS."

"'That's the skipper,' says I; 'but there's no pilot. Hellings, there's oil in this here cruse or I don't know nothin'. 'Good mornin', Cap'n,' says I. 'Goot morning,' says he. 'Sir,' says I, 'you are wanting a pilot. Any man could see that by the way you're standing out in the thick of the tide when you might be cheating it. You'll have to take a pilot a bit lower if you don't take me.'

"'Wheer your papers?' says he.

"'Here,' says I; and I out with my ticket like a bird. 'Licensed under Waterman's Hall,' says I. 'Ten shillings to the Nore,' says he. 'A pound,' says I. 'I vill giff you fifteen shilling or go avay.' 'Done, sir,' says I; 'I'm your man,' and we clinched the deal in as good a glass of Hollands as ever you may wish to get outside of.

"Well, sir, we tow down river all day as quiet as you like, and towards evening come to anchor at the foot of the Lower Hope. There's a lot of Dutchmen lying there then, but the wind coming westerly a Wednesday morning, sent the most of 'em scootin' wiv a flowing sheet.

"That morning, shortly before noon, I'm standin' aft talkin' to this here Bjornson, when I hear the flutter o' petticoats about the kebbin stairs. 'Hallo!' says I. 'Women aboard?'

"'Oh, yes,' said Bjornson, who spoke English first-class, like most o' these Dutchmen. 'It's the Cap'n's wife. Haven't you seen her?'

"'She grubs in her room, then,' says I; and with that I turn about, and there she was, standing atop of the companion stairs.

"Cap'n Gaskin, I ain't much of a hand at givin' you the picture of a woman, not havin' had much truck wiv 'em. But I've seen pictures—pictures of angels and gells wiv dawk eyes, and babies at their breasts, at the Hospital up at Greenwich — and lumme! there you are; tall, straight as a lowermast, round as an apple, dawk hair, red lips, and eyes, sir—eyes that would

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look through a man and bring him up all standing.

"Bjornson takes off his cap and stands looking at her. I do the same, and stand like a fool while she glares at us out of those black eyes of hers a minute. Then she turns and goes below, looking as haughty as they make 'em. There's a flush across Bjornson's face.

"'Cap'n's wife, eh?' says I. 'Ought to be,' says Bjornson. 'Ho, ho!' says I, 'that's the game, is it? Where did you pick her up?'

"'Out in Rio last voyage,' says Bjornson. 'She was for marrying the old man when we got home. But it didn't come off. He felt shy of it in his own town; promised to marry her here. Now my lady won't be married, and there's smoke between 'em.'

"When I come on deck after tea, Bjornson, who has taken a fancy to me, comes up and whispers: 'There's trouble down aft, Pilote; there's muddy water being stirred. I wouldn't be the old man. These Spanish women aren't to be trusted.'

"That night, whilst I'm walking the deck, it's going on for two o'clock in the morning, I hear a sound down below, and I remember in a minute what Bjornson has told me. So I slip over to the scuttle, which is drawn. There's a low, swashing noise in the dawk of the kebbin. S-w-i-s-h-h-h, w-h-r-r-r, w-h-r-r-r; then all is as still as the dead. My hair goes up acrost my head, sir, and the chills run down my back, for it's a ghostly noise I hear—not the sound of any mortal being, I know. It don't belong to ships, or steamers, or the river. It's like the fluttering of a giant moth.

"A while this went on, then all grew as silent as the grave. And in that silence—if I'm asked—the skipper died. Died, stone dead, Cap'n, wiv nary a spill of blood in all the kebbin."

"What makes you say that?" asked Gaskin, quickly. "Did you think of foul play?"

"Not that night, I didn't, sir. 'Twasn't till the next day—yesterday, that is—that it struck me. Then I remembered there was no sign. The skipper died in his bed, sir, and I saw the sheets as white as the full moon."

"Go on," said Gaskin. "How far are we from the *Mælström*, Dismal?"

"Matter of half a mile, sir."

"Creep up in shore of her, and let me know when you are well ahead. Go dead slow."

"In the morning Bjornson comes to me," Hellings went on slowly. "'The Cap'n's dead,' he says in a queer voice. 'Lumme!' says I; 'then I heerd his ghost quit.'

"'How?' says Bjornson. Then I tell him just what I'm tellin' you, Cap'n, an' he sits wiv his head acrost the rail shiverin' like a child. 'She wants to see you,' says he. 'Who?' says I. 'Christobel, Crissy—the skipper's wife.'

"Then he slips away, and I hear him hammering and sawing foreside the galley. 'She wants me, does she,' says I. 'Lumme, then, let her fetch me!'

"I look round, and there she stands, smiling and beckoning in the companion. The mate is standing beside her. He's the skipper's brother, but can't talk much English—no more can she. So they call Bjornson aft, and talk to him a spell in their lingo.

"'They want to know whether they need report the Cap'n's death,' says he. 'They want to sail to-morrow and would rather take him to sea and bury him there.' 'That's as you like,' says I. 'We're pretty nigh outside the port o' London. You've no call to declare, although it would be more regular, if you ask me.'

"After some more palaver, that's arranged. Then Bjornson turns to me again and says, 'She wants to know whether the river is easy to navigate to the Nore?' 'Easy!' says I. 'It's full of shoals and the like. No man that don't know the waters can sail this crawft down.' 'Will you take us clear of the channels below the Nore?' says Bjornson. 'Two pound ten's my price,' says I. 'She'll give it,' says Bjornson, after more palaver. 'Cash down,' says I. And cash down it is in a

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little while. Then they go below and I light my pipe and sit down.

"In the afternoon, I come on deck about four o'clock. There's a boat being lowered, and the crew are getting over the side. 'What's up?' says I to Bjornson. 'The men are going ashore on leave,' says he. And so it is. Crissy has persuaded the mate to let the hands go for a run, and at six o'clock, bar me, and Bjornson, Crissy, and the mate, there ain't a soul aboard.

"However, it's nothin' to me so long as they're back for a stawt next day. Lawd! its easy to see wheer this crawft hailed from. Show me the Englishmen who would lie here wiv all his crew ashore, and a fair wind blowin' down reach. Lumme! these foreigners take their tea cool, and no error.

"FOR A WHILE HE LAY ACROST THE CHEST IN HIS BERTH."

"Cap'n Gaskin," Hellings went on in a quiet, hushed voice, "that night the mate died, too. It happened whilst I slept. Yes, sir, I was asleep; that chap's gassin' had set me off. I slept when I should have been watching, and Gawd alone knows how it came about."

"Did you see the mate as you did the skipper?" Gaskin questioned.

"I see his face, sir, but no more."

"Did Bjornson or you know of it first?"

"I did, sir. There's no two ways about that, for I met him comin' out of his room before he's dressed. 'Bjornson,' says I, 'the mate's dead. What sort of a ship is this at all?' But he never answered me. He seemed to fall all of a heap at the sound of my voice. 'Dead!' he groaned. 'Dead!' 'Aye,' says I, 'as dead as mutton.'

"For a while he lay acrost the chest in his berth smothered up in a kind of knot, an' shakin' like a ship in stays. At last he gets up.

"'Pilote,' says he, 'there is a mystery here that we cannot understand.' 'Lumme,' says I, 'what are you giving us? As though a chap wiv a hole for a eye couldn't see that.' 'Hold,' says he, 'the mystery is aft—in the cabeen—inside the cabeen—wheer—sh-h-h-h—wheer there is a blank door.'

"Just then the skipper's wife comes to the kebbin door. She stands but says nothing—only looks, until Bjornson grows fidgetty, turns round, and sees her. Then he looks too; she smiles, and a flush grows on his face.

"Sir," said Hellings, as he paused to gaze like one spellbound into the night, "that's the lawst time but one I see him away from her side, and when I think of it, it fair strikes me dizzy. All day long they stay together on the poop, on the main deck—anywhere within sight of me, until I begin to think I'd best sling my hook as soon as may be, for it's me they're watching now.

"After dinner I see a chawnce of a tow coming up, and slip aft. But my boat is gone. That sets me by the ears. 'Lumme,' I shout out, 'you'll pay fer this, that boat 'll cost you fifty pound.' 'What boat?' asks Bjornson, who stands quiet as you like with her beside him. 'My boat

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"ALL DAY LONG THEY STAY TOGETHER."

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as was fast off the quarter this morning.' 'I am very sorry,' says Bjornson, coming aft to look; 'she must have slipped adrift. Alas! with our short crew we cannot put out the long boat to find her, and, you see, there is no other.'

"It's true as gospel, and I'm in a hole, and know it. What can I do? Nothing; only look and pray for a crawft to drive past us, and pick me off. But we're too far down in the Bight for that. So night comes on, and I make ready to spend mine on deck. 'No sleep to night, my son,' says I, 'an' keep your weather-eye liftin' fer what may be cruising around.'

"But it's no use, sir; a man must sleep sometimes, and I had been awake all day. I don't know what time it was. It must have been after twelve o'clock when I jump up with a stawt. How long I've been asleep, Gawd alone knows. The lawst I remember is hearin' the sound o' them two whispering, and smothering each other wiv kisses.

"I remember this and somethin' more. It was the sound I heard the first night I'm aboard the cussed hooker—s-h-w-r-r-r, s-w-i-s-h-h-h, so soft and onholy.

"Sir, it's going again, as I sit there blaring out into the rain. It's that that has woke me, and my cap's leavin' my head wiv mortal fear.

"Were you ever stuck up wiv such a feelin', Cap'n Gaskin? Do you know what it is for to try to shout, and to feel your tongue won't quit the roof of your mouth? Do you know what it is to sweat till you're blind, and the rain pourin' down atop of you the while? What it is to try to get up from your seat, and your knee-joints are in mutiny wiv your will? Sir, if you've known what this is, you've known how I felt that night as I sat on the skylight, and listened to the awful sound.

"How long it lawsted, only Gawd, He knows! How long I listened, how long my blood ran freezing in my body, only Gawd, He knows! I remember nothing but the sound, and the cry that ran from keel to truck, before I see a man—Bjornson!—going across the deck almost naked; his skin shining in the whimper of moonlight that broke through the cloudrack; Bjornson flying like a hunted man acrost the deck, up the forecastle ladder and over the bows.

"I heerd the splash, sir. I saw him spring out into the night. I saw it all, and saw the ebb carry him out of my reach, before I could get anigh him. Then I'm up too—up, wild and dazed with the scare, and down on to the maindeck.

"Sir, that kebbin is locked as secure as when I fixed it. The skylight, the scuttle, the ports—all are fast; and down aft in that kebbin, there's two dead men, a she devil, and Gawd knows what besides."

Gaskin turned to the skipper.

"Drop down to the *Mælström*," he ordered.

"Give me a drink of whiskey, Cap'n," said Hellings, "and I'm wiv you, sir."

"Bring to under the ships's bows, Dismal. Put us on board. Then run up and fetch the police. All speed, my lad, when you've left us."

After giving these orders, Gaskin went below, and presently emerged from the cabin, carrying a brace of pistols.

"You will come, Ralston?" he asked.

"Aye, I'm with you, Gaskin," I said, "but I think a peg wouldn't kill us before we start?"

The night had settled down dark and lowering. The wind came in fitful gusts across the broad expanse of river trending to the westward. Here and there, out in the middle of the stream, the dusky tracery of outward bound barges loomed darkly against the almost invisible Kentish hills, whilst close at hand, towering above us, the solitary *Mælström* lay silent as the grave, with her one twinkling light hanging on the rigging abreast the foremast.

Presently the launch had driven close under the high overhanging bow of the Norwegian ship. She was lying at double anchor with a score of turns in her cables, one of which stretched out broad on the starboard bow, carrying the other slack upon it.

"Let her come astern a bit," cried Gaskin, under his breath. "Gently does

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it. Look out for the launch, Dismal, and put us alongside the cable. So! Steady starboard! Dead slow ahead! Now, then, Ralston, follow me. Only look out; the chain is slippery."

In another minute my friend had climbed the outstretched cable, and was twisting himself into the head-knees above. Hellings and I followed, clinging tenaciously to a rope Gaskin lowered us.

"Now, Dismal, away you go—full speed as soon as you are clear of the ship."

We waited silently, resting in the ship's "head" until the launch had disappeared from sight; then crawled warily to the main deck. It was bare, deserted; not a vestige of life appeared. The galley door flapped idly in the fitful breeze. The voices of the night sobbed eerily high aloft, where the taut shrouds caught the wind. Here and there a rope "slatted" against the mast. But besides these sounds, and the sight of a stray marlin-spike and serving mallet, nothing appeared. The ship was as solitary as a derelict borne on the breast of the wide Atlantic, and to us more full of mystery.

We crept warily along the deck until we reached the galley. Here we stood awhile to make sure of the details Hellings was giving us of the cabin and its sleeping berths. It was necessary that we gained this perfectly, for nothing would persuade the man to come below with us. He would stay on deck and act as circumstances required.

Whilst speaking, he silently unbarred the rough fastenings he had placed on the companion hatchway, and opened the door.

"You have your pistol, Ralston?" Gaskin asked in a whisper, as we stood ready to go down.

"Aye—and you?"

"I have this also," he answered, showing me a long, wooden belaying pin he had taken from the rail. "It may be handy."

We had taken off our boots, and now stole quietly down the stairs, searching the gloom. The saloon was dark, and silent as the deck had been. Opening a glimmer from the dark lantern, we crawled on tiptoe across the dreary room. My heart was thumping sonorously. To my strained senses it beat loud enough to waken the dead. Indeed, I fear I cannot boast the composure of my companion. We reached the door at the after end of the saloon, opened it, and crept silently into a narrow semicircular room. The transom lockers rose high behind a fixed settee that ran its length. Above them I could see the shuttered ports. Amidships, a great square casing concealed the rudder. The swirl of the river, bubbling and eddying inside, echoed through the quiet room.

Suddenly, as we sat listening, waiting, we scarce knew what, a soft whirring sound broke upon our ears. Instinctively I gripped at my revolver and half rose. But Gaskin caught me by the hand, and we stood motionless.

The whirring died and grew, came and went, but it was not in the room with us.

"Hist," Gaskin whispered, "the secret door he spoke of leads from here. We must find it."

Again he opened a small ray of light, and searched the bulkhead. Away in the corner of the room a panel was missing.

Gaskin closed the lantern. We crawled breathlessly to the secret entrance, crept through it, and found ourselves in a long room, as dark as the last. But in the distance, leagues away it seemed, two gleaming beads of light, standing out eerily, held us transfixed.

I clutched at Gaskin's arm, and stood pointing, but the whisper died on my lips. A soft whirring sound crept out of the stillness, and the points of light vanished momentarily, then reappeared, darting hither and thither about the room.

In another second it was whirling about us, and we were fighting the air with rapid blows, heedless of everything but the horror of the swift, slanting movements. Once I touched a part as it swirled past me. My hand bled suddenly. The sweat poured down my face. In another moment I should have shouted aloud. Then I heard a dull thud. Gaskin had struck the brute in mid-air. It fell to the deck a twisting, writhing mass. Gaskin opened his lantern fully now. The glare revealed a gigantic vampire struggling in aimless circles at our feet, its wing shattered by a blow.

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"So much for the mystery," said my friend, as he gripped the brute by the neck and squeezed the life out of it.

Hellings appeared in the aperture, half dazed with fright.

"I heered the noise, Cap'n Gaskin," he said, "and see your light; but the spirit's gone out of me like out of a spiled cawsk o' rum.

"'Lumme!' says I, 'I cawn't face that aftermost door, and I cawn't see the Guv'nors go under. So I'm in through Crissy's room, an' if this ain't the final—lumme!'"

We followed hastily into a tastefully decorated room. Against the bulkhead, amidships, stood a bed draped with creamy hangings. The clothes were tossed back, partly disclosing the white-robed form of a woman.

It was Christobel, lying as though asleep, with one white arm thrown back above her head.

But in her soft, white breast was fixed one of those slender Venetian daggers that spill no blood; and in her eyes we saw a look of agony difficult to associate with the calm symmetry of her limbs.

We drew a sheet across her body. A search revealed a letter, written during the day, in Spanish.

In an adjoining room the body of the captain was found; he, too, carried a similar thin steel blade broken off close in the breast. But the body of the mate was missing. Doubtless Bjornson and Christobel had passed him overboard.

So we went back to the room where the girl lay, and Gaskin gave me the letter.

"You know the lingo, Ralston. Read it," he said.

It ran thus:

"To the Caballeros Ingleses who will be my judges. This is my extenuation. Captain Hendrickson loved me at home, in my country, Brazil. I love him, too. He tells me marriage with him in Rio is illegal for him in Norway. He promises to marry me at home. Bueno, I come with him. I am a fool; but I bring Matador, my pet, with me. He is tame; he will do my bidding. The captain gives me a place for him. We come to Bergen. The captain is at home, but he does not marry me. My love turns to hate. He is playing with me. I, too, play with him, for he is afraid of me in my moods. In time the ship which was his, is mine on his death. Behold, Señores, the papers in my drawer. It is the truth. So time draws on; we come to England, and I grow to love Carlos, whom you call Bjornson, but whom I name after his race, whose mother was of us. Carlos I love. No other is possible. I kiss his feet; amigo mio, there is no other under heaven. And now, alas! alas! oh, that the past could pass, and he and I stand alone together. He, my hero—my king! I, his wife—his slave! But it is gone. All life, all love, all hope is gone. Madre de Dios! Madre de Dios!"

There was a blank space here, and the page was stained with tears—tears Christobel had evidently tried to erase. Then turning the page, I read in a voice that I could with difficulty control:

"The past is dead. This is my extenuation, not my apology. The Captain trod me in the dirt. With the help of my pet, I killed him. He being dead, his brother, the mate, approached me. I hated him, and killed him as I did the other. Then I called Carlos—Bjornson—to me. We loved. I showed him the papers; I showed him all my soul; and he loved me, too. We were to be married. It is written amongst my papers by him. Then came the night, the sweet, dark night, and we slept. But I had forgotten to fasten the secret door where lived Matador. Dios! He escaped! He had grown accustomed to blood. He attacked Carlos, my husband, as I slept. When I awoke, the night was black—Carlos had fled in terror, for it was all secret, hidden from him, and I was alone with Matador. Him I fastened securely, whilst the pilot fastened me here. There is no escape. I must die, but I die calling upon Carlos; to him I go. Señores, buenos noches! I am asleep."

There was nothing to be done. So we returned to the *Vigilante*, and steamed slowly home, leaving Hellings where we had found him.

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ON BEING ENGAGED.

By Alice Corkran.

A CURIOUS matter, when we come to think of it, is the various ways in which different people do the same thing. What applies to individuals applies also to nations. The French, the English, the Germans, the Americans, all have different standpoints toward life, and all act differently in great events. There is much to say for these differences in customs, for they are the expression of essential differences in the national temperament and the national history.

Let us take engagements, and we will see how widely different is the attitude of these four nations toward what is the most natural, and at the same time the most serious, occurrence in the lives of young men and women—that of two young creatures choosing each other out of the whole world, and plighting their troth to go through life's journey together.

France, for all its brilliancy of social life, its alertness of wit, its leadership in art, is essentially an old nation. When England was still in a semi-barbarous state, France, under Charlemagne, was at the head of Western civilization. Its mental history dates back centuries beyond that of England or Germany. For all its superficial progress, its newness of form of government, it is yet under the thrall of the old ideas. One of the oldest ideas moulding a nation's life and customs is that of the seclusion of women. The young French girl, after leaving school, is never far from the protecting wing of her mother. Until her marriage-day she is never allowed to be alone with a member of the opposite sex. She is never alone with her betrothed. This seclusion of women springs from a deep diffidence of the feminine sex. The French girl has no hand in the shaping of her destiny.

"We are marrying our daughter," is the customary phrase used by parents at this great crisis of their child's life. It admirably expresses her neutral attitude toward it, and their activity. It is they who have selected the suitor; they who conduct the delicate transaction in all its details; considering the match especially from the standpoint of its social and business suitability. Every French girl has a dowry; that she should have one is as much part of the habits of the country as are the restrictions of her life.

If, as in the old story, we could peep down through the uncovered roofs of houses, and watch the courting of a young French girl, we should see the period between her engagement and her marriage spent under the watching eyes, and within earshot, of her mother. We should see her accepted suitor coming to see her at stated hours, faultlessly attired, carrying a bouquet, that he presents to her. We can

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imagine how formal must be the conversation between the two who are so soon to be as one. All the aim of the mother's upbringing has been to make her daughter ignorant of life. Every book that the girl has read has been selected for her; she has been taken to the theatres to see classical masterpieces or *féeries*—the French form of pantomime. She can chatter with her girl friends, but with her elders her contributions to the conversation are monosyllabic.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the wooer and the wooed can find little to say to each other, and that of a most formal nature. I would not like you to think, however, that the French girl has absolutely no voice in the choice of her future husband. If the selected suitor is unsympathetic to her, few parents would insist upon her marrying him. But she has absolutely no means of instituting points of comparison between him and other men, and as a rule she accepts without murmuring the one her parents have chosen for her. Marriage also means a larger life, the emancipation from the thousand trammels of her existence. And doubtless a halo touches the brow of the stranger presented to her as the one who will lead her out of narrow surroundings into a world of wider horizons.

For six weeks, or thereabouts, her intercourse with her future husband remains formal and superficial. Then comes the evening when, in the presence of the kinsfolk and friends of the betrothed pair, takes place the reading of the marriage settlements by the family lawyer. The young girl is dressed in pink. A rose-colored frock and roses in her hair are almost as much *de rigueur* for the future bride, on the occasion of the *soirée de contrat*, as the nuptial white on the wedding-day. The presents are exhibited. The *corbeille de mariage* usually contains diamonds, a cashmere shawl, lace, and other items of apparel that the married woman only can wear. A day or two after, the two marriages, one before the mayor, and the one before the church, are performed. The change in the ways of life of the unmarried girl and the married woman is a revolution. She enters upon liberty from one day to another. It is curious how, for all the unnatural restrictions that hedge girlhood round in France, the sudden transition from seclusion to freedom, there yet remains so much more of dignity and happiness in French family life than we in America are wont to think.

The German girl is by temperament and training a mixture of the sentimental and the practical. The ideal of the nation sees in the man the defender of the country, and in woman the ruler over the home. Germany is the land of the warrior and the *haus-frau*. The ordering of the national life develops on those lines. In America we are inclined to think that the German woman's aim in life is far behind that of the American one. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is different. The German girl's dream is to be the housewife of the man she loves. We think that this means to be his drudge. She has a very exalted ideal of the duties it entails. The fine ordering of a house is, in her opinion, the highest task that can be executed by a woman. It is to her what the ordering of his affairs, be they military, of business, or of state, is to the man. To fulfil her duties adequately she must know much and of various subjects. Her activity must never flag. It is her duty to hold securely what her husband possesses, to employ well what he earns. To the romantic soul of the German girl there appears no loftier ideal in life than to secure for the man she loves the peace of mind, the absence of material anxieties, a well-ordered home assures. She hopes that her share in his life will enable his mind to have that quietude so necessary for its devotion to lofty intellectual objects. To the American girl this may seem a servile ideal; a degradation of the woman for the glorification of the man. Judged from the German standpoint, it is rather the exaltation of the woman; for it makes her the ruler of the home, without which there can be no dignity or security in the national life.

The betrothal customs in Germany express this high recognition of the *rôle* of

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the home and of domestic life. Young men and girls have not, before their engagement, many opportunities of freely mixing with each other. They meet at the early suppers so often given on Sundays, that are customary through the empire. These are homely gatherings, without formality and without pretension. Sitting side by side, they chat together. Then come the simple, social games that are also much in vogue in Germany, and that furnish all sorts of innocent occasions for the young folk to grow more familiar. Music, which is the very atmosphere of German life, further helps to sweeten the sentiment of their intercourse.

When a young man has determined upon the girl of his choice, he asks her father and mother's permission to speak to her. If they allow it, he asks her to become his wife. No intermediary asks the all-important question for him. No third party comes between the two at this delicate and decisive moment. If she accepts him, her parents invite to dinner or supper the kinsfolk of both families and their intimate friends.

At the close of the repast the girl's father rises and announces the betrothal. The lovers give each other rings. Sometimes it is the wedding-ring that is now put on the bride's finger. This is the plighting of vows before the united families. The betrothal of the two is advertised in the papers as we advertise our marriages. The announcement of the engagement is also sent on cards to all the relatives and friends. The engagement is now looked upon as second in sacredness only to the marriage. It is very rare that an engagement is broken in Germany. The betrothed are also allowed a good deal of freedom of intercourse. The lovers go out together, pay calls together alone. They are admitted by all each to be the central point toward which the thoughts of the other gather. The girl sets about preparing her future home. A dowry is not so absolutely necessary to the German girl as to the French, but she is expected to furnish the home over which she is to rule.

Engagements last usually from three months to six. Sometimes they extend to a year. During this interval the young girl puts the last touches to her education as household-wife. Her future husband accepts unquestioningly this preparation to be his zealous *haus-frau*. Expecting devotion from her is his way of paying a tribute to her ideal *rôle* of woman. It may not occur to him to make her the companion of his intellect. She does not expect that he should. She, therefore, does not feel herself aggrieved because he does not converse with her as he does with men. It is enough for her he has chosen her to be the ruler of his house, and to be the minister to his wants. It is not, the American girl may think, a very exalted ideal, but the romance of the sentiment, the womanliness of it, redeems what may seem weak in the conception. There are few German homes in which music, for a brief space in the day, does not draw husband and wife together, melting away the barriers intellect and diverging preoccupations may raise between them, and mingling their souls for some passing moments.

Nothing could better typify the difference of sensibilities developed by different civilizations than the attitude toward life of the French and German girl and that of the American. It sums up all the difference between the points of view of the new world and the old, between the breaking away from the trammels of old convention and the serving of new ideals. The American girl has been accustomed to men all her life. She has been at school with them as boys. She has been their chum and comrade, and she and they understand each other perfectly. America is certainly the country where girls and women may be said to have the best time. The physical weakness of the girl early calls out the chivalry of the boy, and the American girl expects and receives from men a courtesy that is based on the recognition of her claims as a human being, and of one who, being weaker, needs the care and protection of the stronger.

America stands in the world for the nation which claims for the individual the right of shaping his or her destiny. The

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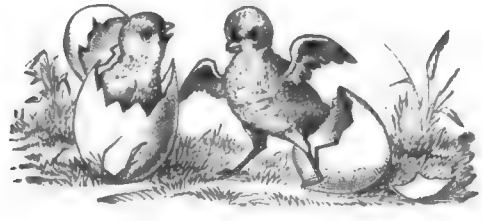
American girl expresses that claim as no girl of another nationality has expressed it. She very soon breaks away from the trammels of parental control. She entertains her own friends. She resents interference and questionings on her comings and goings, as imputations on her capability of taking care of herself. It is she, and not her father or mother, or any other human being but herself, who is going to shape her life. She is quite determined—as indeed is every American—not to take a back seat in the world.

She has her "candy lovers," who help her to have a "good time." The "candy lover" is an American institution. He is at the beck and call of the girl, who has selected him to fill this post. Sometimes a girl has more than one "candy lover," but there is usually one who is the favorite. He escorts her everywhere; they drive together, sleigh together, go on long excursions. He keeps her in books, flowers, candies. It means nothing more serious on either side than good comradeship, and as such it is perfectly understood all round. Sometimes the relationship develops a deeper sentiment between them, and the "candy lover" becomes the affianced husband. Often they remain simple and cordial friends, and keep friends all their lives.

Perhaps to our English cousins this rebellion against restraint may seem to verge on unlicensed freedom. Every custom must be judged by its tendency, and the tendency here is to develop a great sense of claims upon life. With the finest natures it comes out all right, as everything is bound to come out; in frivolous natures it is lamentable in its results, for it leads to the essentially chaotic idea that life is all rights and no duties.

But we think the risk worth taking. The American girl is happy in her liberty; she would not change places with her English cousin whose ideas are a good deal more conservative. Engagements in England, and the relationship of young girls and young men, express the national ideal of conduct. They mix freely together; and lovers are allowed to see much of each other, and to get to know each other well. But the direction of the parents is never absent. Engagements are far longer in England than on the Continent, and the betrothal is not looked upon as so sacred as in Germany. We hear of not a few that are broken off. It is better that it should be so. The time of dallying before setting off on the great adventure of marriage is well spent by each in getting to know more of the other's character, more of the other's whims and humors. During a long engagement the girl may lose for the man something of her angel brightness, he may appear less of a Sir Galahad to her; but if each has discovered, upon nearer view, in the other qualities of an endearing and lasting sort, then these companions are the more likely to journey through life comfortably together. To those who are contemplating staking their happiness on another's life, I would advise, before taking the final decision, to lay to heart Goethe's words, "Choose well, for thy choice is brief and yet endless."



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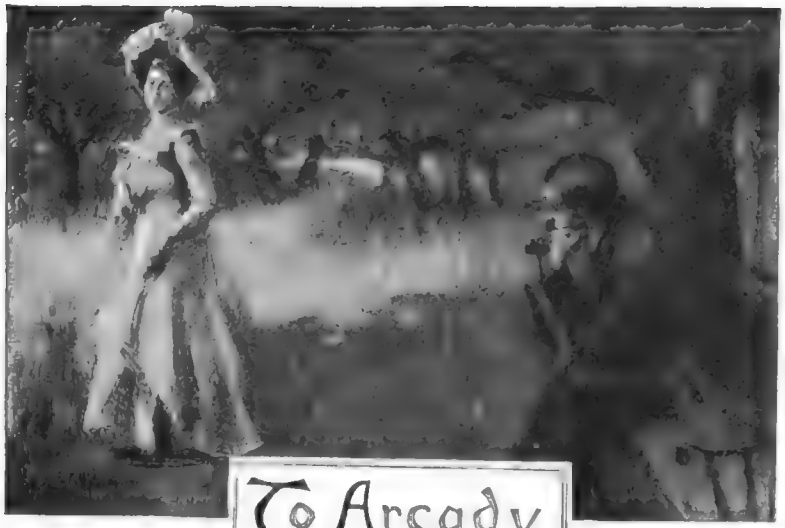

To Arcady

And you are going to Arcady?
Nay do not tell me no.
I see by the April that laughs and lingers,
Like music adream in a maiden's fingers,
In eye and in dimple of cheek and lip.
By the blithesome air as you lightly trip
Away on the road so joyously,
The dreams your heart must know.

And what shall you bring from Arcady?
Ah yes, what shall it be!
Perhaps,—who knows!—in a land where laughter
Gives never a thought to sadness after,
Perhaps in the splendor of sunny skies
You will live right on into paradise;
And there in the wonder of Arcady
Will have no thought of me.

Will I go with you to Arcady?
I fear it may not be.
The balmy fragrance of April's wooing
Can come no more for my fate's undoing.
The flowers would wither before our feet,
If I went with you, the moments fleet
Would lengthen to hours in Arcady.
Long, dreary hours, with me.

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And what is the road to Arcady?
I wonder who can tell!
I found it, I know, when your mother's graces
Smiled into my eyes from all sweet, strange places;
And you — I must know I have only dreamed
Of the things that were, and the things that seemed
In that land of charm; while to Arcady
You pass and smile farewell.

And you will come back from Arcady!
But not with smiles for me;
And I would gladly be ever lonely,
To know that your eyes held laughter only,
That over your head the sky shone blue,
And into your heart its dreams came true,
The sun-kissed dreams of Arcady.

Lewis M. Smith.

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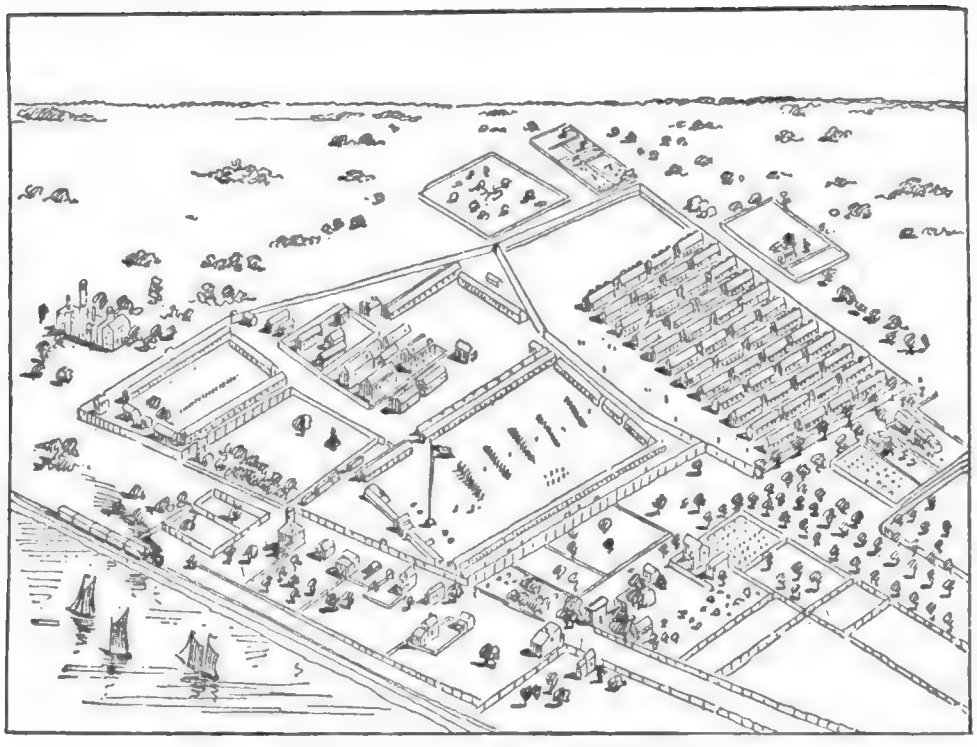

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAMP DOUGLAS, CHICAGO, 1864.

HOW THE NORTHWEST WAS SAVED.

A CHAPTER FROM THE SECRET SERVICE RECORDS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By Colonel Thomas H. Keefe.

[Late Chief of Detectives of the Northwest, War Department, Secret Service.]

One day in the summer of 1864, while visiting Camp Douglas, Chicago, Colonel Sweet, who commanded there, handed me a very interesting letter, which had been transmitted to him by Secretary of War Stanton.

The letter, which was written from Canada, stated that at Toronto there were about fifteen Confederate officers and Southern sympathizers, engaged in perfecting a daring plot to surprise Chicago, release and arm the thousands of Confederate prisoners in Camp Douglas, sack the city, plunder and burn other cities, and finally swoop southward and stop Sherman's march to the sea.

The plot was worthy of the desperate straits of the Confederacy, whose days seemed nearly numbered; for Grant had won the battle of the Wilderness; the capture of Vicksburg had placed Union gunboats patrolling the Mississippi, preventing the transfer of men and supplies between the eastern and western divisions of the Confederacy, and Sherman's advance through Georgia was driving a wedge to split the Southern power still further into fragments.

Here was fresh work cut out for the friends and supporters of the Union, including the Chief of Detectives of the Northwest (War Department, Secret Ser-

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vice), which position I then had the honor to hold. So the restless members of the "Sons of Liberty" and "Society of the Illini"—as the branches of the Copperhead "Knights of the Golden Circle" called themselves—were at length about to take action, and, backed by the trained fighters who were now comfortably plotting across the St. Lawrence, to create for the imperilled cause a diversion in the shape of a grand attack in the rear of the Union armies.

Besides the warning Canadian letter to the Secretary of War, we had had other evidence that such an attempt would be made. The Northwest was thickly sown with ardent Southern sympathizers. In Chicago there were numerous noted suspects; but we deemed it inadvisable to pounce on them or even to interfere with their meetings (to them supposedly secret), waiting for any overt act or attempt on their part before deciding to strike.

Great was the temptation for this new move on the part of the enemy. The great camp, with its swarming prisoners and inadequate guard, must have been a constant allurement and suggestion to keen and daring minds.

Camp Douglas—so called in honor of Lincoln's distinguished political opponent—lay on the prairie, south of Chicago, within a few hundred yards of Lake Michigan. It was laid out in three divisions: the eastern next the lake, containing the post headquarters, parade ground, officers' quarters, and barracks; the southern, overlooked by the old Chicago University and called White Oak Square, containing the hospitals, quartermasters' stores, offices, etc., and the western or prisoners' quarter, with its many rows of huts, all surrounded by a high, strong, plank fence, with a platform on which the sentries continually paced with their loaded rifles. The main entrance was near Cottage Grove Avenue; but it is difficult to identify it now.

In Camp Douglas, in the summer of 1864, there were about 9,000 Confederate prisoners; at Rock Island, Illinois, about 4,000; at Columbus, Ohio, about 5,000; at Alton, Illinois, about 4,000; at Indianapolis, Indiana, about 5,000; and on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, near Sandusky, Ohio, about 3,000, mostly officers. Here were about 30,000 Southern veterans, who, if once released and armed, according to the scheme now on foot, would not fail to work immense damage to the Union cause—perhaps even permanently mar the victories of Grant and stop the triumphant march of Sherman. And nearly all our effective fighting men were at the front, coping with the last dangerous efforts of the South. The home guard consisted of the gaunt and enfeebled Veteran Reserve, aided by some raw levies. The 9,000 Confederates at Camp Douglas were guarded by about 800 men of the 8th Regiment, U. S. Veteran Reserve, many of them sick and crippled, and all under the command of Col. Benjamin J. Sweet, a gallant young officer, whose right arm was broken by a rifle ball at the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, and permanently disabled.

Acting as adjutant-general at Camp Douglas was Capt. E. R. P. Shurly, who enlisted in the 21st New York Infantry at Buffalo the night Sumter was fired on, attained the rank of captain, and later came to Camp Douglas with four companies of the Veteran Reserve.

About the first of August an incident transpired which enabled Captain Shurly to give the government a strong initial hint of brewing trouble.

The captain, who was a Mason, went down town to attend a meeting of Cleveland Chapter, Royal Arch Masons of Chicago, and there met an agreeable, well-informed gentleman, a stranger, from Cleveland, Ohio, with whom he subsequently strolled over to the Briggs House, a leading hotel.

After some conversation, the stranger asked Shurly if he were acquainted with any of the officers of the steamer *Merchant*, one of two iron steamers then trading on the lakes.

On Shurly's replying in the negative, the stranger, after receiving assurance that anything he said would be in confidence, remarked that if he were Shurly and had the same relations with Colonel Sweet, he

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would have a guard put on the *Merchant*. "I would have an eye on that iron steamer," said he. A guard was put on the *Merchant*, and thus a Confederate plot to seize the iron vessel, as a step towards rescuing the prisoners on Johnson's Island, was frustrated.

About this time, as we afterwards learned, the daring Confederate officer, Col. Vincent Marmaduke, brother of the general of that name, came secretly to Chicago. He had been sent by General Hood to Richmond to lay before Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet the proposed scheme of rescue and warfare in the Northwest, and now, with the Confederate President's sanction, he attempted and passed the lines successfully. He made his home at the village of Geneva, near the city; learned the views of the "Sons of the Illini" and the prisoners; went South again and reported those views, and returned with about 300 trusted men of Hood's division, who were smuggled by twos and threes into the apparently doomed city of Chicago.

Such was the state of affairs when, on receipt of the warning letter from Canada, I was ordered to go and learn what I could of the affairs of the Confederate Propaganda in the Dominion. Soon afterwards, under the name of T. M. Lyons, I registered at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, the headquarters of the conspirators. Suspicion was averted from me when I gave out that I was wanted in New York for "beating a bank," and soon afterwards I got into the good graces of the Confederate officers.

There was Jacob, or "Jake" Thompson, of Mississippi, formerly Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan's administration, and now Confederate Secretary of War, with $150,000 in his possession wherewith to foster the enterprise.

There was Capt. Thomas Hines, a brave officer of good Kentucky family, who had recently come northward with an enormous sum in greenbacks, taken from Union prisoners, also for the advancement of their plans.

There were Gen. George Doty, Gen. James P. Holcom, Major G. B. Woods, Capt. A. Stone, Capt. George B. Jenks, John B. Carthman, G. A. Ellsworth, C. M. Swager, and others.

But the conspirator who interested me most was the English adventurer, Gen. G. St. Leger Grenfell. A restless soldier of fortune, he had fought, it was said, in Algiers and the Crimea, also in some South American revolutions, before he joined the guerrilla General Morgan.

Having pretended to be tired of fighting for the South, and demanding his passport out of the country, he imposed on Secretary Stanton, at Washington, to whom he professed to sell some Confederate secrets.

Yet he had been more brutal than other guerrillas to captured Union soldiers, some of whom he had caused his English bulldog to worry in front of his tent; and at Selma he had advocated the raising of the black flag and giving no quarter to Northern soldiers.

He was a tall, lean, dark-featured man, with furtive, flashing eyes. I took a special interest, however, in Secretary "Jake" Thompson, who was such a sharp thorn in the side of the Union.

General Dix, of New York, commander of the Department of the East, had informed me that the Federal Government strongly desired that "Jake" should be run out of Canada, and that there was a reward of $100,000 for his capture.

This reward I hoped, with the aid of some of the Toronto detectives, to earn.

I soon "stood in" with some of the latter, for I had a letter of introduction from Chief of Police Nelson of Chicago to the Chief of Police of Toronto, and with them I made arrangements for kidnapping "Jake," running him across into the United States, and claiming and sharing the reward. But the Canadian feeling being with the South, and Canada being thronged with escaped and paroled Confederates, fugitives from conscription, and Southern sympathizers, the Chief of Police warned us that if we failed in our attempt the penalty would probably be the loss of our lives; so our scheme was abandoned. Had my identity or intentions been suspected, the life of T. M. Lyons, de-

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CAPT. E. R. P. SHURLY, WHO WAS THE ACTING ADJUTANT-GENERAL AT CAMP DOUGLAS.

faulting cashier from New York, wouldn't have been worth a baubee. As it was, an international complication was avoided.

Having learned that the conspirators intended going to Chicago, where it was proposed to concentrate a large number of Southerners and "Copperheads" during the National Democratic Convention, which had been postponed from July 4th to August 29th, I started for that city ahead of them. Sure enough, they arrived in Chicago a little behind me, and put up at the Richmond Hotel, then a leading hostelry, which stood at the corner of Lake Street and Michigan Avenue. Fortunately for himself, "Jake" Thompson did not accompany the party, but remained behind in Toronto.

Over the conspirators' suite of rooms at the Richmond was the sign "Missouri Delegation." Among the most active of them was Lieut.-Col. Benjamin M. Anderson, of the 6th Kentucky regiment in the Confederate service, who had been on the Nicaraguan filibustering expedition. He was supposed to be a major-general among the conspirators.

There were now in Chicago, as was subsequently ascertained, about 2,000 armed Confederates, awaiting the signal to make the place a pandemonium.

They were dispersed through the various hotels, boarding, and lodging-houses, with instructions to "lay low" and await orders.

It was supposed that the attack on Camp Douglas would be made at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, when the members of the special "burning corps" were to set fire to their rooms, lock them, and throw away the keys, so that a large number of fires might engage the attention of the firemen, police, and citizens while the prisoners were being released.

Special detachments were told off to capture every bank officer, so that the banks might be promptly looted. The Federal authorities had no idea that the plot was so ripe. The Convention was naturally supposed to bring many to town; but a large number of rough-looking men, many in "butternut," made Colonel Sweet uneasy, and he applied for, and received, reinforcements.

The plot, however, was abandoned temporarily, almost at the hour for striking —many of the Democratic sympathizers pronouncing it inopportune; tending to alienate the "War Democrats," and to injure the chance of election of General McClellan, who had been nominated for President by the Convention; so it was accordingly declared off, and the men par-

GENERAL HOOKER.

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ticipating in it were offered the choice of rejoining the Confederate army, of going to Canada, or of returning to their homes, they being provided with the necessary means.

This choice they variously accepted, many of them angry at having to abandon the game when success seemed assured. The chiefs returned to Toronto ; Chicago was quietly evacuated, and the Confederate prisoners left in bondage.

About half a month passed quietly, and then came a startling proof that the plotters for the release of Confederate prisoners in the Northwest were still alert and active.

At Sandusky, where the United States warship *Michigan* was lying, helping to guard the prisoners on Johnson's Island, there appeared a gentleman, apparently a wealthy oil speculator, who extended lavish hospitality to the naval officers, got on excellent terms with them, and was often welcomed on board their vessel.

This was Major C. H. Cole. He was a good fellow, and as enterprising as he was hospitable. On September 19th he wired Charles Walsh, of Chicago, a strong Southern sympathizer, as follows :

"DETROIT, *September* 19, 1864.

"Close out all the stock in the Mount Hope Oil Company before three o'clock to-day. Be prompt.

"C. H. COLE."

The significance of this will be understood later on. This telegram sent off, the suave Major Cole boarded the steamer *Philo Parsons* just before she left the dock at Detroit, and chatted affably with her commander, Captain Atwood, whose acquaintance he had cultivated.

The boat touched at Windsor, at Sandwich, and Malden, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, and at every point there came on board a large number of men, apparently returning fugitives from the draft.

Presently one of these men made a signal to Major Cole, who immediately placed a revolver under the nose of the astonished Captain Atwood and informed him that his vessel was seized "in the name of the Confederate States of America." The men who had come on board were Confederates, and the man who signalled to Cole was his second in command, J. Yates Beale.

The crew were secured and placed under hatches, the passengers warned to keep quiet, and the *Philo Parsons* continued her course to Put-in-Bay Island, where the steamer *Island Queen*, and 300 unarmed Union soldiers unloading freight, were easily surprised and captured.

She was quickly manned with a fighting crew, and the two vessels, laden with Confederate soldiers and sailors, under able and daring officers, steered for Fighting Island, where all save good Confederates were put ashore, with no opportunity for giving alarm. Then both vessels sought Sandusky Bay and took up positions close to the unsuspecting and devoted warship *Michigan*. The suave and genial Major Cole, in a small boat, went aboard of her.

Previous to leaving Sandusky, he had, with his usual generosity, arranged with the officers of the *Michigan* to entertain them at dinner on their vessel that evening. The wine for the banquet was already aboard ; so were two Confederates who had enlisted as Union sailors. All was well.

The major, otherwise the opulent oil speculator, chatted merrily with his naval friends in the uniform of Uncle Sam. He had directed his men that they should land at Sandusky and then come out from the shore in small boats, ostensibly fishing or rowing about on various business, drawing nearer and nearer to the *Michigan*, and at length to make a concerted general rush, swarm on board, and capture her.

With the "Stars and Bars" once flying over the *Michigan's* heavy guns, Sandusky would be at the mercy of the Confederates, and it would probably be an easy matter to overpower the 600 Union soldiers on Johnson's Island who guarded the 3,000 Confederate officers and men, half of whom had good navy revolvers, which had been smuggled among them.

The iron steamer *Georgian*, which had been purchased by the Confederates, and stocked with arms and ammunition brought

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from the Canadian side into American waters, would give the Confederates a respectable war-fleet on the lakes.

Then Major Castleman was expected to attack Fort Morton, Indiana, and release the Confederate prisoners there; Major-Generals Stephen Horsey and L. P. Milligan, head conspirators in that State, were to take the field; Walsh, of Chicago, was to take the hint given in the "oil" telegram, and make the long-delayed attack on Camp Douglas, and the arm of the Confederacy, in danger of paralysis in the South, would assert itself vigorously and triumphantly in the Northwest.

But now occurred one of those proverbial mishaps which occasionally upset "the best laid schemes o' mice and men." At this time, at Windsor, Canada, sojourned a Southerner named Maurice Langhorne. He was twice a candidate for the Confederate Congress at Ashland, Kentucky (Henry Clay's old district), but was rejected on account, as he considered, of his advocacy of a plan for the manumission of slaves by the United States.

GEN. H. L. BURNETT, JUDGE-ADVOCATE AT TRIAL OF CONSPIRATORS.

He was a Confederate soldier, and was in Chicago during the Democratic Convention; but he had severed his connection with "Jake" Thompson and his following, and taken the oath of allegiance to the Union.

One day, at Windsor, a Confederate approached him and unfolded the plan for the capture of the *Michigan* and release of the prisoners on Johnson's Island.

Langhorne determined to put a stop to the plot before the lives of the conspirators were forfeited by overt action. Accordingly, after dark, the ferry-boat having stopped running, he got a skiff and rowed over to Detroit, where he revealed the plot to Lieutenant-Colonel Hill.

The latter expressed disbelief in the matter, but telegraphed to the military authorities at Sandusky.

Major Cole, amid the festive clinking of glasses at the banquet aboard the *Michigan*, listened for the expected commotion on deck, the clash of arms, and the triumphant Confederate yell. Instead, he heard the tramp of a file of Union soldiers, headed by an officer from Johnson's Island.

The latter entered the cabin and laid his hand on the shoulder of the disguised Confederate: "Major Cole, you are my prisoner."

"Major of what?" demanded the conspirator, affecting amazement.

He was searched and his Confederate commission found upon him.

Retaining his presence of mind, however, he named several prominent citizens of Sandusky as his fellow-conspirators. The arrest of these persons, who were soon after released on proving their innocence, served as an alarm to the waiting Confederates, who immediately reboarded the *Philo Parsons*, scuttled the *Island Queen*, and made for the Canadian shore, where the *Parsons* was also sunk. Thus collapsed the attempt on Johnson's Island, which, had it succeeded, might have seriously changed the aspect of the war.

Cole's second in command, Captain Beale, was afterwards captured and hanged as a pirate. We thought this fiasco would dampen the ardor of the conspiring Junta or kill it; but it did not. They continued their plotting in Canada, while in Chicago the members of the "Golden Circle" became more active than ever.

At Colonel Sweet's request General Hooker, commander of the department, came to Chicago. Frequent councils were

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held at the Tremont House, the military officers being assisted in their deliberations by Mayor "Long John" Wentworth, ex-Governor Bross, Chief of Police Nelson, and Col. John A. Hancock, President of the Board of Trade.

At one of these meetings I read a list of local members of "Knights of the Golden Circle," reports of whose supposedly secret meetings were made from time to time by Dr. T. Winslow Ayer and two of my men, who attended them as members.

At length my old Confederate acquaintances of the Toronto Junta—Grenfell, Hines, and several others—reappeared at the Richmond Hotel.

I reported their arrival to Colonel Sweet and Mayor Wentworth, and suggested having a special man to watch them and learn their designs.

The mayor thought it would be impossible to find a suitable man; but I recommended that a trial be given Major John T. Shanks, a Confederate prisoner at Camp Douglas. Shanks had applied for leave to take the oath of allegiance to the Union, being most anxious to get home to Richmond, Virginia; but he had been refused, and was employed around the camp as a sort of commissary sergeant, seeing to the proper distribution of food, etc.

I knew he would do a good deal to obtain his release. Colonel Sweet feared he could not be trusted, but finally agreed to give him a trial.

To avert suspicion, he arranged that Shanks should be smuggled out of the camp, as a *bonâ fide* escaping prisoner, in the slop-cart, a closed vehicle; and soon afterwards the Southerner presented himself to me, in his soiled uniform, in my room in the Garrett block, State and Randolph streets. I told him what I wanted, and he replied:

"If you get me pardon and liberty I will do what I can in the matter, and do it honestly."

First I tried him on minor tasks. Every month, despite all the vigilance of the guards, fifteen to twenty prisoners were escaping from Camp Douglas, aided by Southern sympathizers. I finally sent Shanks, as an escaped Confederate, to seek shelter and aid from rich families of Copperhead leanings along Michigan Avenue. It was not nice work for a Southerner, but Shanks stoically performed it.

One night, in his character of escaped prisoner, he received a suit of clothes for disguise from Judge Buckner G. Morris, an ardent sympathizer, with $25 to take him out of town. Another night the judge's wife gave one of my men, dressed in Shanks' rebel costume, $50. Barney Caulfield, a prominent Chicago lawyer, gave $50 to one of my spies playing Confederate fugitive. Many others were similarly detected.

About the end of October, the ex-Confederate, Maurice Langhorne, whose information had exploded Major Cole's plot to seize the *Michigan*—for which he received $500 from Secretary Stanton—came from Washington to Chicago. He immediately took part in politics, and was appointed a stump-speaker by Mayor Wentworth.

One night he was approached by an ex-conspirator, one Schulz, alias Peters, who shook his hand and inquired his business. Langhorne replied that he had come to Chicago to practise law. Schulz looked incredulous, for he still regarded Langhorne as a loyal Confederate.

He said that "all the boys" were back again in Chicago; that he himself was in command of a burning corps of one hundred men, and that on the following Tuesday night, which was election night, the long-deferred attack would be made on Camp Douglas. Langhorne immediately went to camp and informed Colonel Sweet of his discovery.

On Sunday evening, at 6 o'clock, I sent my probationist, Major Shanks, to the Richmond Hotel, with instructions to stop over night and gather what information he could about the progress of the conspiracy, also sending one of Chief Nelson's detectives to shadow him.

Shanks was equipped with a valise, and signed his name George Brown, and waited about the office of the hotel. After an hour he was approached by a tall, lean man.

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E. G. ASAY, COUNSEL FOR CHICAGO CONSPIRATORS.

"Why, Shanks, what in goodness are you doing here?"

"Keep still," replied the spy, in a whisper; "my name is not Shanks."

"Come up to my room," said the tall man—Gen. St. Leger Grenfell.

Shanks accepted the invitation. He informed Grenfell, with whom he was well acquainted, that he had escaped from Camp Douglas the previous night and was waiting to obtain some money from Charles Walsh to enable him to leave the city. The story was believed. Grenfell introduced Shanks to Captain Hines, who revealed their design to him, and pressed him to remain in the city, as his knowledge of Camp Douglas and surroundings would be of great service to them when the attack was made. Shanks agreed, and remained with them in council till 12:30, when he left on pretence of going to bed; but at 2 A.M. he slipped from the hotel, rejoined me, and reported. I sent him back to maintain his *rôle*.

Next day he worked with them, and made a map of Camp Douglas.

They had a list of all the banks in the city, intending to loot them. They said they had all the arms they needed; that Charles Walsh, who lived within two blocks of Camp Douglas, had 1,000 rifles in his house for arming the prisoners; that sixteen escaped Confederates had been employed in his house for the past two months making cartridges; that 500 determined bushwhackers from Indiana had arrived in Chicago, and were lodged in Canal Street, near the Union Depot, awaiting the signal to strike, and that the date fixed for the blow was the following Tuesday night, the 8th of November, when the city would be astir with the excitement of the Presidential election.

A signalling system had been devised, consisting of red, white, and blue toy balloons, to be sent up at night, carrying lights, by which the Confederates outside were to warn those inside the prison camp when to coöperate.

In the face of all these preparations, there was little time to be lost by us.

In room 68 of the Garrett block, I placed my information before Colonel Sweet and General Hooker (who had come from Cincinnati).

We sent for Chief Nelson and Captains Hickey and Horace Elliott of the Chicago Police, and arranged a raid upon the conspirators.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of Monday, November 7th, several detachments left Camp Douglas. One of these, under Captain Skinner, surrounded the house of "General" Charles Walsh, a well-to-do contractor, who was to hold chief command of the movement if it succeeded.

COL. BENJAMIN J. SWEET.

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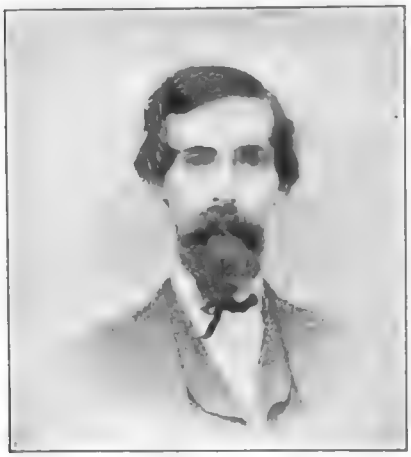

CAPT. JOHN NELSON, CHIEF OF CHICAGO POLICE.

After a brief delay the door was opened and Walsh was arrested.

The house was a perfect arsenal—hundreds of guns and revolvers and thousands of cartridges were discovered in the dining-room, bedrooms, cellar, barn, and stables.

On the roof were arrested, partially dressed, Capt. George E. Cantrell, who had served with Morgan, and Charles Travis Daniel, another ex-Confederate. The arms, etc., were seized and the prisoners taken to camp.

Into the city marched a detachment of 100 men under Captain Strong.

A detail of ten men was left at my office at the Soldiers' Rest, on the lake front, after which we went to the Richmond Hotel and posted fifty men around it, in the office, and on the stairways, under Captain Pettiplace, with orders to let no one pass. I went up personally to Gen. St. Leger Grenfell's room and knocked.

He inquired, "Who's there?"

I answered, "A boy with a telegram," and then, before he quite realized what was afoot, drew him out into the corridor and told him he was under arrest. He raged and protested, but had to submit.

In his room was an English bull-dog, the same, as afterwards proved at his trial, with which he had baited Federal prisoners. Shanks had told me that the dog could "do a man up" in no time.

I subsequently took the dog to the police station, where he was loaned to some ladies holding a "war fair" at Bryan Hall, on Clark Street. They made quite a revenue by exhibiting him at twenty-five cents.

With Grenfell was arrested, for form's sake, the supposed prisoner, Major Shanks. Judge Buckner Morris, a prominent member of the "Golden Circle," was next arrested. About 5 o'clock in the morning I knocked at the door of Dr. E. W. Edwards, a strong Southern sympathizer, residing on Adams Street, in whose house we expected to find Col. Vincent Marmaduke and Capt. Thomas Hines. The colonel, who went by the name of Burling, we found and secured, but the captain, whom we wanted particularly, was invisible; it was stated that he had gone for a walk and had not returned.

I suggested to Captain Nelson that every room be searched, which was done. On my looking into Mrs. Edwards' room she exclaimed, "Sir, this is awful—to arrest and take away my husband at such an hour."

I said, "Madam, it is all right. May I inquire who is stopping with you?"

"Not a soul," she replied, and then suddenly seemed to faint, whereupon the servant, who was present, ran for water and requested us to leave, as her mistress was very ill.

COL. VINCENT MARMADUKE.

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We did so, leaving around the house a guard for a few days.

Great was our chagrin later to learn that under the mattress of Mrs. Edwards' bed, at the time of our visit, lay concealed Captain Hines, "Jake" Thompson's trusted agent, with $250,000 in greenbacks!

When the guard was removed he escaped to Canada. General Hooker had promised to ask Mr. Stanton or Congress to allow us detectives a portion of the Conspiracy Fund, should we find it.

All day Monday squads of Federal soldiers scoured the city searching houses and bringing to camp members of the "Golden Circle," Confederates, and bushwhackers, several hundred arrests being made. The Great Northwestern Conspiracy was finally and irreparably crushed.

The trial of the chief conspirators commenced at Cincinnati, the headquarters of the department, in January, 1865, and lasted for nearly four months.

Those placed on trial were Col. Vincent Marmaduke, George St. Leger Grenfell, Buckner Morris, Richard T. Semmes, George E. Cantrell, Charles Travis Daniel, and Col. Benjamin F. Anderson. Gen. H. L. Burnett, Judge-Advocate of the Department of the Ohio, acted as chief prosecutor, and the prisoners were defended by the famous criminal lawyer, E. G. Asay, of Chicago, Col. James O. Broadhead, of Missouri, and other distinguished counsel. During the trial Colonel Sweet, active in the prosecution, was fired upon, a bullet passing through his hat. Charles Travis Daniel effected his escape into Kentucky, obtaining effectual concealment. Colonel Anderson died in prison, some said by suicide; others, that he was shot in a struggle with the sergeant of the guard. The legal struggle was prolonged and bitter.

Grenfell and Daniel were sentenced to be hanged (Daniel was never caught); Walsh and Semmes got five and three years respectively in the Ohio Penitentiary; Cantrell secured a continuance, and was never convicted; Marmaduke and Morris were found "not guilty."

During the trial, the war ended, and Lincoln was assassinated.

President Andrew Johnson, strongly appealed to, commuted the sentences.

Walsh and Semmes were set free, after a brief incarceration. Grenfell was not hanged. He might have escaped like the others, for his influential friends in the South were making strenuous efforts to get him pardoned also; but ex-Mayor Wentworth summoned me to Washington to give my experiences with Grenfell, with the result that, direct or indirect, the man-baiter and advocate of the black flag was sent on a life sentence to the Dry Tortugas. He did not remain there long, however.

One day a yacht appeared off the convict station. That night, during a storm, Grenfell escaped in a boat, and it was given out that he was drowned.

My belief is that some of the prison officials, bribed by his wealthy English friends, connived at his escape, and that he is still living in England.

Colonel Sweet, for his part in overthrowing the conspiracy, was presented by the grateful citizens of Chicago with three government bonds of $1,000 each.

The Board of Trade presented him with a sword set with diamonds.

He left the military service as brigadier-general, and resumed the practice of law, filling various public positions in Chicago till 1872, when he was appointed First Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington.

Colonel Marmaduke returned to Missouri, where he still lives, a prominent and respected citizen.

Maurice Langhorne is still living in Chicago.

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A FLORAL WATER-CLOCK.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

A FLORAL WATER-CLOCK.

THE clepsydra was one of the earliest devices used for measuring time. At first the hours were marked by the amount of water discharged from a vessel through a small aperture; but in later clepsydras some simple mechanism was introduced, and the hours were indicated by hands moving over a dial as in a clock. They were often ornamental in appearance, although hardly to be compared with the clepsydra that has been constructed by Mr. Plummer, superintendent of the grounds of the water-works at Detroit, Mich. The dial in this case is built up of a superb mass of growing plants and flowers. The face of the clock was built first, and was a floral freak merely, not intended for any practical use. But the water power was at hand, and Mr. Plummer, with some ingenuity, made an excavation under his flower bed and placed the clock movements in a sort of stone box, where they are operated by a flow of water from a pipe and regulated with some little niceness. The clock is seldom more than a few minutes fast or slow.

THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WOMAN.

Mrs. Yucca, of Chicago, must be acknowledged, until some one is bold enough to contest her claim, the most powerful woman of the day. The muscular devel-

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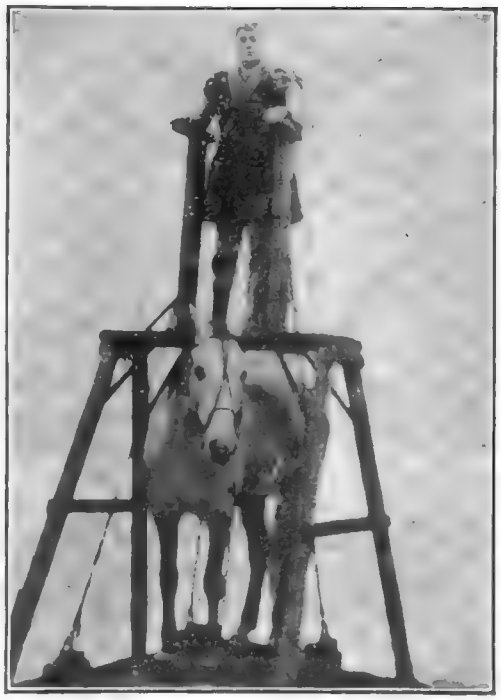
opment of her arms and shoulders compares with that even of the professional strong man, for she can lift a weight of 2,000 pounds, which feat neither Sandow nor his rival, Sampson, can very easily excel. Our photograph shows her in the act of raising a horse weighing 1,900 pounds and a platform weighing 100 pounds. The amount of paraphernalia required to accomplish feats of this kind detracts not a little from their effect on the spectator. Yet the performance is no less wonderful.



THE WORLD'S STRONGEST WOMAN.

A GIRL'S MILITARY BAND.

Lynn, Massachusetts, possesses the only military band conducted by a woman. Miss Nellie Miles, who leads the orchestra of thirty smartly uniformed men, is a cousin of the Major-General commanding the United States Army, and she has other military connections, for her grandfather played for several years in the band of the British Grenadier Guards. Miss Miles is an accomplished musician, and she has evidenced remarkable ability as a conductor. The woman who possesses the requirements and the courage to succeed in this work deserves a welcome. Very few orchestral leaders manage to appear graceful while they are conducting, and of necessity they occupy the most conspicuous position possible; it is preëminently the place for the possessor of beauty and elegance of movement.

MISS MILES, WHO CONDUCTS A MILITARY BAND.

THE LARGEST DOG.

The largest dog now living is Nero, a cross between the English and German mastiff. He is owned by Judge Bailey, a resident of Rutland, Vermont. The animal weighs 285 pounds; his height is 35½ inches; his length from nose to tail-tip, 7 feet 4 inches; his girth measurement, 52 inches, while the collar round his neck has a circumference of 32 inches. A remarkable fact in connection with such abnormally developed dogs is their good temper; a trait fully developed in the superb creature whose picture is here repro-

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THE LARGEST DOG.

RATS A FEW MINUTES AFTER BIRTH.

A KENTUCKY MILL.

duced. So far from being savage, any sign of ferciousness they display is generally found to be caused by fear. The report of a gun, a clap of thunder, an unexpected movement even, is often more than enough to terrify these huge creatures, who, when once aroused, have little enough to fear from any opponent. As a rule, too, they are light eaters. Nero is fed once a day. His meal is given to him at night, and consists of a pan of corncake and milk.

BABY RATS.

The photograph of a nest of young rats reproduced here was taken a few hours after their birth. It is remarkable that the tiny creatures bear little or no resemblance to the grown members of their species. In fact, if any likeness at all can be traced, it is to the hippopotamus.

A PRIMITIVE MILL.

Our photograph shows a primitive hand-mill of a kind that may still occasionally be found in the mountains of Kentucky. It consists of the section of a log hollowed out at the top to receive the millstones, and will grind in some fifteen minutes sufficient meal for the daily consumption of the mountaineer and his family.

A COTTON MILL OWNED AND RUN BY NEGROES.

The people of African extraction in the United States have advanced themselves during the last decade in a manner that is highly gratifying to those who are interested in the most complex racial problem of the age.

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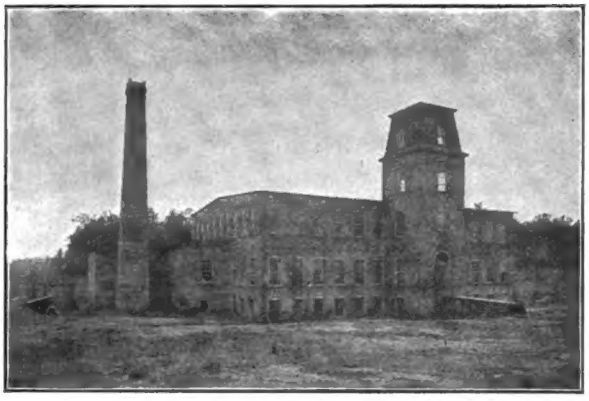
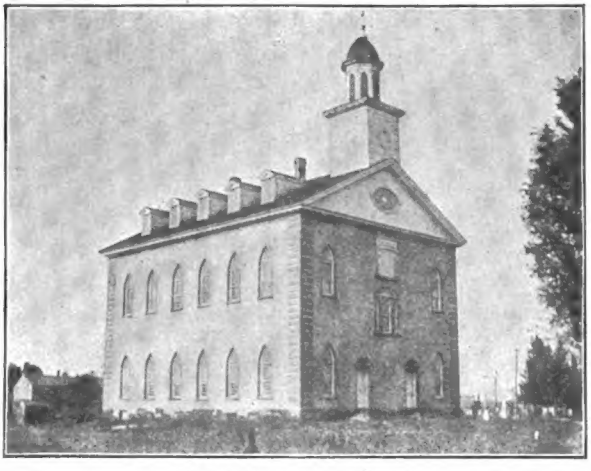
There is hardly a field in which negroes have not shown their ability to occupy prominent positions with honor and with success. Among the wealthy merchants of the race is Mr. W. C. Coleman, of Concord, who, born a slave in 1849, is now a large landed proprietor and the owner of more than one successful business. It is due to his initiative that a big cotton mill has recently been put into operation, the chief stockholders being himself and other wealthy men of his race, while the officers of the corporation and the employees are all negroes. The experiment is one which will be watched with close interest.



A COTTON MILL OWNED AND RUN BY NEGROES.

THE CRADLE OF MORMONISM.

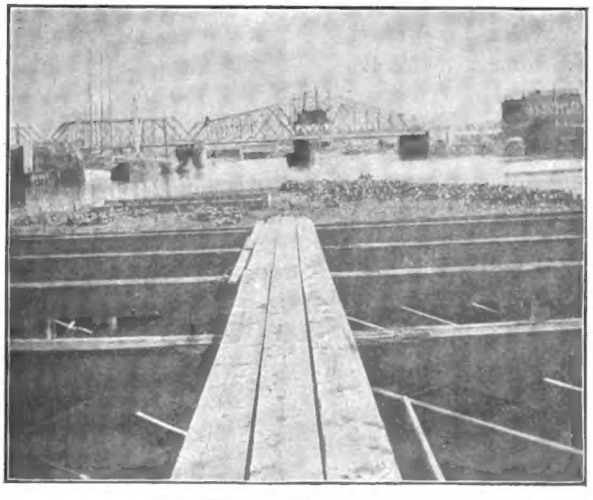
The religious denomination adhered to by the Mormons was founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith, a native of Sharon, Vermont. The Mormons settled first at Kirtland, Ohio, and it was there that in 1834 their first place of public worship was erected. The Temple is a gray stone building, somewhat severe in style, as may be judged from the accompanying photograph. Inside, the effect is of dazzling whiteness—walls, seats, and all the decorations in relief being void of color. There are separate benches set apart for the elders of different degrees, the general effect of the interior strongly reminding the visitor of some court-room.



THE FIRST MORMON CHURCH.

AN ODD GARDEN.

Generally the residents of a large city—especially those whose means and occupations necessitate their living in the crowded, densely built-up districts where



A FLOATING GARDEN IN NEW YORK.

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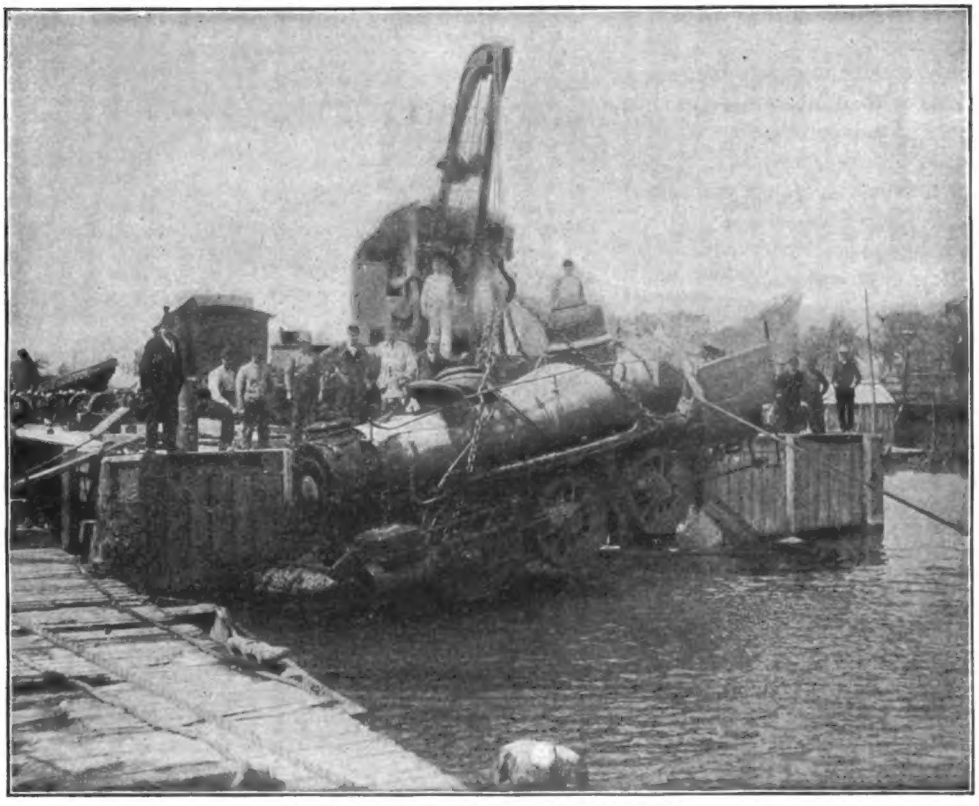

RESCUING A LOCOMOTIVE FROM THE NIAGARA RIVER.

even a few feet of grass-plot is a refreshing rarity—are dependent upon the distant suburbs for their supply of fresh vegetables; and kitchen gardens are unknown. Sometimes a window-box may be made to furnish a few table greens; but the ingenuity of one of the engineers of the Madison Avenue Bridge, spanning the Harlem River, New York City, has not only afforded a vent for his agricultural tastes and talents, beautified the bridge breakwater, aroused curiosity from the novel position, but also amply supplied the tables of his wife and his fellow-workmen with vegetables the summer through. The bridge is an iron drawbridge, turning by machinery on a centre pier, and spanning the river from southwest to northeast. Extending at right angles from opposite sides of the centre pier are two breakwaters constructed of wooden spiles and heavy planking, and sharp-nosed like the prow of a canal-boat. At either extremity Mr. Manierre Ellison, the bridge engineer, has planked over some twenty or thirty feet, and filled it in with earth to the depth of about eighteen inches. At one end he has planted corn, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, and string beans; at the other, cucumbers, beets, onions, radishes, lettuce, and soup vegetables. At this end he has also constructed a hot-bed, or "forcing-bed." The gardens are some twelve feet above tide-water.

THE RESCUE OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

We reproduce above an interesting photograph of a monster freight engine being rescued from a watery grave. The locomotive, with seven cars attached, ran amuck on a dock and plunged into the Niagara River about a mile above the Falls. The engine disappeared in twenty feet of water, and was recovered by means of chains passed round its boiler from a huge crane.

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POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Janice Meredith,	Paul Leicester Ford	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
David Harum,	Edward Noyes Westcott	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
Young April,	Egerton Castle	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen,	F. P. Dunne	(Small, Maynard & Co., $1.25).
Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.00).
Stalky & Co.,	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Little Novels of Italy,	Maurice Hewlett	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Orange Girl,	Walter Besant	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Kit Kennedy,	S. R. Crockett	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Black Douglas,	S. R. Crockett	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
No. 5 John Street,	Richard Whiteing	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Children of the Mist,	E. Phillpot	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Idyls of the Sea,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
That Fortune,	Charles Dudley Warner	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Fowler,	Beatrice Harraden	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Open Question,	Elizabeth Robbins (C. E. Raimond)	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Lion and the Unicorn,	Richard Harding Davis	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
The Circle of a Century,	Mrs. Burton Harrison	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Santa Claus's Partner,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Blix,	Frank Norris	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
Trooper Tales,	Will Livingston Comfort	(Street & Smith, $1.00).
A Gentleman from Indiana,	Booth Tarkington,	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Loyal Hearts and True,	Ruth Ogden	(F. A. Stokes & Co., $1.50).

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TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Via Crucis,	F. Marion Crawford	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Fisherman's Luck,	Henry Van Dyke	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant,	Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $3.50).
Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett		(Harper & Bros., $5.00).
James Russell Lowell and His Friends,	Edited by Edward Everett Hale	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $3.00).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign,	Capt. John Bigelow, U.S.A.	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems,	Edwin Markham	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.00).
Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America (2 vols.),	John Fiske	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $4.00).
Tramping with Tramps,	Josiah Flynt	(The Century Co., $1.50).
American Land and Letters, Vol. II.,	Donald G. Mitchell	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.50).
Admiral George Dewey,	John Barrett	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
Nooks and Corners of Old New York,	Charles Hemstreet	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
The War with Spain,	Henry Cabot Lodge	(Harper & Bros., $2.50).
Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters,	Elbert Hubbard	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.75).
What Is Good English and Other Essays,	Harry Thurston Peck	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).

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